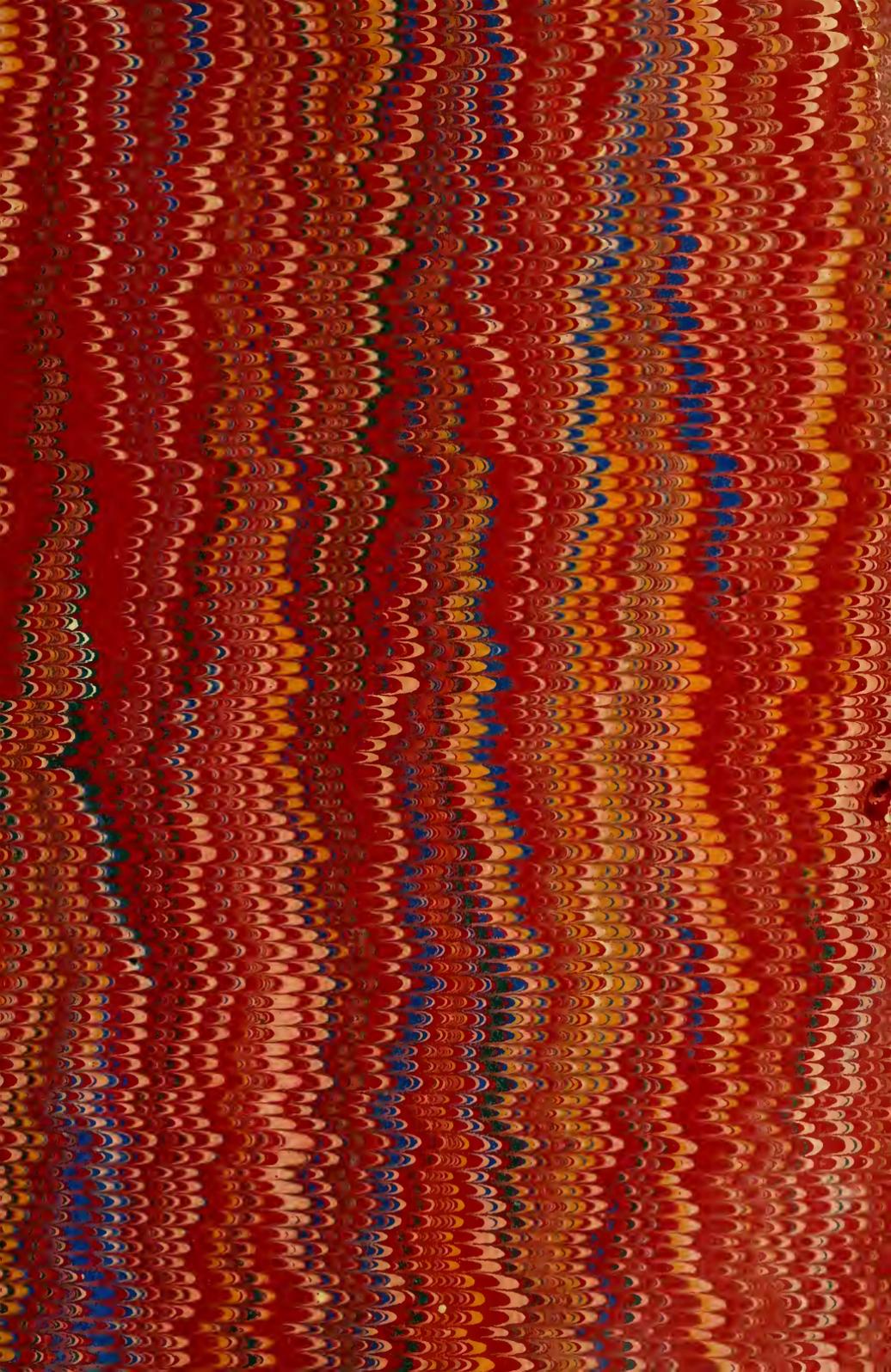


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



CENTENNIAL HISTORY

OF THE

Town of Marcellus.

THE
CENTENNIAL HISTORY,

OF THE

Town of Marcellus,

DELIVERED IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

OF

Marcellus, Onondaga County, N. Y.

JULY 4th 1876.

BY

ISRAEL PARSONS, M. D.



MARCELLUS.

1878.

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MARCELLUS, N. Y.
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If these few pages should help to awake pleasant and tender memories in the minds of the old residents of Marcellus, scattered here and there throughout our land, and thus beguile and cheer some quiet minutes, it will have accomplished its mission, and to these dear friends it is affectionately dedicated.

I rejoice with you my fellow citizens, that we have been permitted to see this glorious day; this Centennial Anniversary day of our nation's birth; a self-governing nation one hundred years old.

One hundred years ago to-day, although the boom of the cannon sounded from Maine to Louisiana, declaring freedom from the thralldom of the Mother Country; yet this town of Marcellus was too far in the wilderness to vibrate those sounds. Indeed she needed no one to proclaim freedom to her, for she was never in bondage.

July 4th, 1776, these then forest crowned hills, raised their tops towards the heavens with even more sublimity than they do to-day. Here nature presented all her simplicity and grandeur, without being improved or deteriorated by the hand of man. On that morning the music of the birds far surpassed in richness and power, that which the feathered songsters are giving us to-day; for their choir was legion, and the harmony of their music was unbroken by the discordant sounds of man. The wild beasts roamed unmolested through the valleys, and over the hills. The same enchanting sound of the rippling waters of this beautiful creek, which we now hear by night and by day, was to be heard then.

But what great changes have been effected in the face of nature within this town, during the last one hundred years.

You have asked me to come before you to-day, and relate step by step, these changes as they have occurred.

The first eighteen years of this century which expires to-day, our town presented, as it had for ages, one unbroken wilderness.

Here were no Indian fields where the savages had once cultivated even their simple crops of Corn and Beans. There were no traces of Indian settlements; no evidences that the land had ever been under cultivation, or even pressed by the foot of man, except by the natives in their favorite pursuit of game. The Onondaga Valley was the home of the Indian, and these were his hunting and fishing grounds.

After the lapse of these first eighteen years, in 1794 we find that civilization has already entered in the form of a surveying company, and marked these forests by straight lines into square miles.

Soon after this, a great highway was opened through this town from Utica to Canandaigua; constructed by the state and named the Genesee road. Its course was due East and West.

There was no hill so lofty or so steep, that was not surmounted by it; and the forest trees were cut down the width of four rods, to give it passage. This highway is our present East and West road, through this village.

Then began to pour in the tide of emigration from the East and largely from the New-England states. Usually men came in the Summer and Fall on foot, or horseback, prospecting in search of homes; but Winter was the time for the removal of their families and goods. The snows of Winter were distributed evenly over the ground, and laid permanently; not disturbed as now, by the winds, being thoroughly protected by the dense forests. This of course gave months of sleighing, and ample time for the journey to be made.

This was fortunate for emigration at that early period; for the highway was so much obstructed by roots and stumps, as to

render traveling, at other seasons of the year, extremely difficult in conveyances on wheels.

And it is a fact worthy of notice, that although four thousand years ago, Pharaoh sent up "wagons" to remove Jacob and his family into Egypt, yet at this period of the Eighteenth Century of the Christian Era, this vehicle was not in existence in New-England. All wheeled vehicles had only two wheels, and they were either the chaise or the cart.

For a long succession of years, there was to be seen on the Genesee road in the winter season, an almost unbroken procession of loads of goods and people: drawn either by oxen or horses, accompanied by herds of Cows, to settle this great wilderness.

In 1802, the Seneca Turnpike was laid out through this place. It was speedily worked and fitted for traveling purposes. This extended from Utica to Canandaigua, and was a continuation of the Mohawk Turnpike: thus affording a regular turnpike communication from Albany to Canandaigua.

Emigration at this time, had become great to the Western part of this state, and to the Western Reserve in Ohio.

That portion of the Western part of the state, called the Genesee country, was settled previously to this; and there being no roads through this state at that early period, the emigration to it was by water; up the Mohawk, through Oneida lake and river, up the Seneca river and lake.

That route proving slow and tedious, was soon abandoned after the completion of the Turnpike, and then the travel East and West passed wholly through this village.

The charter for the Turnpike granted the company the privilege of making use of the Genesee road, so far as they might find it convenient. The commissioners when on their way West, looking for the best place for the road: on reaching Onondaga Valley, (then called Onondaga Hollow,) to avoid these prodigious hills West of them, concluded to vary their course to the North and West, and take a survey of that portion of the country lying

through Camillus and Elbridge.

It was at this time a gloomy section; having no highway through it, and sparsely settled on account of the land being covered largely with Pine forests, which in those days was considered evidence of sterility. The commissioners on arriving at Camillus, hungry and weary after their difficult journey, were not regarded by the inhabitants with any special interest; having ordered a dinner which proved not to be very attractive, partook of it with a poor relish.

But on their return from the West, they made their course through this village; and what was their surprise on arriving here, to find that the inhabitants had turned out en-masse to receive and welcome them.

The very best accommodations that the village could afford were furnished them; and instead of paying for a poor dinner, a sumptuous repast was provided for them "without money and without price."

This dinner settled the route for the Seneca Turnpike, and that through this village.

Thus Marcellus bought that great blessing, the Seneca Turnpike, for a "mess of pottage." A blessing at that time invaluable, as it procured for itself all the through travel East and West for the coming twenty years; while Camillus for its stupidity, remained only partially settled the same length of time. Many of us in this assembly know the grade of the country through Camillus and Elbridge is far preferable for road purposes.

But another instance in which a good dinner purchased the commissioners, I am sorry to say, proved disastrous to the town of Marcellus.

There was a Col. ——, living on the site now known as the Kortwright place, three miles East of this village. This is said to be nearest the clouds of any point on the Turnpike, and yet, fifteen rods North in a line of the former Genesee road there is a depression of sixty or seventy feet. The Turnpike was being laid

out where it should have been, on the depression, when the Col. made his appearance with a gracious salutation, expressed his strong desire for the road to run nearer his residence, and, with a choice dinner, won the hearts of the Commissioners, so that they changed the direction of the road at the base of the West side of the hill, to a southing of several rods, in order to pass over the sharpest and highest point of ground on the whole road; thus the United States mail, for half a century, had to be raised and lowered in the air sixty or seventy feet, every time it passed over this road; and hundreds of thousands of horses have strained, and tugged, and pulled, to draw loads over that severe elevation; and all for a good dinner eaten by three men, seventy-four years ago.

Benjamin Franklin would have said "that was paying too dear for the whistle."

Since first writing the above, I have been informed by Milo Hickok, a reliable citizen of over three score years and ten, that he had always heard it said, in addition to the good dinner, a barrel of whiskey and "thirty day's works" were also given. This barrel of whiskey was probably consumed by the men in their arduous labors of road making over that mountain top.

About the year 1800, merchandise was transported in large covered wagons, called Pennsylvania wagons, drawn by four horses.

The public houses on the road were very frequent; often no more than from one to four miles apart, and at night were so much crowded with travelers, that floors, as well as beds, were occupied.

A public stage commenced running through this place, from Albany to Canandaigua, on the Genesee road; at first it run through and returned once a week; then twice a week; then three times; and, finally every day, not excepting Sundays. It is to be borne in mind that these stages at that time, ran directly West from this village, to Auburn, leaving Skaneateles village to the South two miles; so when the Turnpike was completed, and separated

from the Genesee road to a Southerly course, just West of this village, and made its way directly to Skaneateles, the stages were of course drawn off with it. This proved so great a disappointment to the inhabitants residing on the Genesee road, between this place and Auburn, that Col. Bigelow Lawrence, with other prominent men, instituted a suit against the proprietors of the stages, for damages, for removing the United-States Mail from its accustomed route; but I believe they failed in obtaining a judgment against them.

The town of Marcellus is one of the original townships of the the Military tract. The Military tract consists of lands, which were assigned by the State of New York, to the Revolutionary soldiers of the New York line, as premiums, or bounty lands.

A lot of one mile square, was given to each soldier; except a certain portion reserved to defray the expenses of surveying, and other contingencies. The names assigned to the townships, were selected by the Surveyor-General Dewitt, and officers of the government, before any settlements were made. This accounts for the singularity of the names, which were taken principally from distinguished men of ancient Greece and Rome.

Some of them were distinguished as poets, some as orators, some as philosophers, some as statesmen, and some as military commanders; three or four were taken from prominent literary men of England; as Dryden, Milton and Locke. The town of Marcellus derived its name from Marcellus, a noted Roman.

The townships of the Military tracts, were equal to ten miles square; and were divided by survey into one hundred lots one mile square. Lot one hundred of the original town of Marcellus, lies in the town of Otisco, South-East of the Presbyterian church.

The original township was irregular in its form. A portion of it extended along the South line of Onondaga, called the Marcellus L, until it met a corresponding portion of the town of Pompey called Pompey L. This Pompey L now constitutes a part of

La Fayette; and Marcellus L. a part of Otisco

Subsequently the township of Skaneateles was set off by itself; and at the same time the Southern part of Marcellus was given to Spafford; so that the present town of Marcellus contains not quite one third of its original territory.

At an early day the two townships of Marcellus and Camillus were united on account of the small number of inhabitants in each. The first town meeting was held in Camillus, at the house of Esq. Carpenter, about one mile East of the present village of Elbridge.

The men of Marcellus, feeling it to be a hardship to go to Camillus to attend town meetings; and knowing that they numbered more voters than did Camillus, rallied and voted that the next town meeting should be held at Marcellus. Accordingly the first town meeting in Marcellus assembled in the spring of 1797, at the house of Dea. Samuel Rice, - Inn keeper.

This was a log house, and occupied the ground just in rear of what will be well remembered, as the Judge Humphrey Green House, but now the residence of Justus North.

When this town was a wilderness, the uplands were covered with hard timber of large size, with very little undergrowth, and presented quite an inviting appearance. The leeks, nettles and wild grapes afforded good pasturage for the cattle; but not so with this valley. Here were dense growths of Hemlock connected with thick underbrush, presenting formidable obstacles to clearing the land, and reducing it to a state of cultivation.

As an illustration of this unpromising appearance, I will mention an incident.

Before there were any inhabitants in the town, the owner of the lot No. 24, a soldier, came to look at his possession, which he had not yet seen, and study its advantages. This lot of 640 acres, (containing now the South part of this village,) had for its Northern boundary the middle of the turnpike, and extended South as far as the Bishop farm; while its Western limit was half a mile West of the center of the village, and its Eastern limit the same

distance to the East of it. In his wanderings he happened to approach it from the West, and obtained his first view of the spot when he reached the top of the hill, afterwards called "Methodist hill," now used as the Roman Catholic Cemetery. The wildness and darkness of the scenery, from the immense growth of Hemlocks, with their entanglements of undergrowth of various descriptions, the wild Grape Vines constituting the greatest barriers, so surprised the man, that he did not attempt to penetrate the thicket, but, discouraged, retired from his "claim" in disgust, and sold it for a "mere song" to the first buyer.

There has also been a story handed down through the years, of a child, that, wandering from the Tyler-Hollow settlement, was lost beyond the possibility of being found, in these dense woods; and a long time afterwards, a wild man, who occasionally appeared, and was seen at different times by Rev. Levi Parsons, Mrs. Burrage Rice and others, was conjectured to be that lost boy.

The wide difference of appearance between the hills and the valley, induced the first settlers to locate on the hills. Consequently the East and West hills were occupied one year before the village contained an inhabitant; and in the following year, those who located in the valley were considered unwise in their selection. But they clearly fore-saw that the land when once brought under cultivation, would equal that of the hills; and that the valley so abundantly supplied with water, would eventually be the center of business.

The first permanent settlement made in this portion of our town was in 1794, by William Cobb Esq., Joab Lawrence, Rufus Lawrence and probably Levi Lawrence, who located upon the East hill; about the same time Cyrus Holcomb settled on the West hill.

The same year two families by the name of Bowen, and one by the name of Cody located at Clintonville; not far from the center of the town.

About the same time Samuel Tyler Esq. stationed himself in what is now called Tyler Hollow. Also settlements were made by a Mr. Conklin and one or two others, in the southern part of the town; and by several families of the name of Edwards near Skaneateles Lake.

A number of families by the name of Earlwaters and Burroughs, made their residence on the State Road, now in the town of Skaneateles.

The first settlement made in this village was by the Hon. Dan Bradley and Dea. Samuel Rice, in the Fall of 1795. Although, on their arrival, they found a family by the name of Curtis, living in a hut on the site of my present residence, they had been there but a year or more as squatters, and soon removed farther West.

In the following Winter they were joined by Dr. Elnathan Beach. We thus perceive that settlements were made in different parts of Marcellus, and in localities quite remote from each other, about the same time in 1794 and 1795.

Settlements being once made, prepared the way for accessions; and accordingly we find that the population increased rapidly from year to year, by the constantly incoming tide of emigration from the East.

Among the early settlers on the West hill were Nathan Kelsey and Thomas Miller, and subsequently Col. Bigelow Lawrence and several of his sons:— Bigelow Jr., Calvin and Jephthah. Major Martin Cossett located in the village in 1798.

Samuel Wheadon made the first settlement on South hill as early as 1800, on a part of the farm now owned and occupied by Jason Merrill. Subsequently Dea. Josiah Frost, Philo Godard, Nathan Healy and Enoch Cowles made their homes in the same locality.

The north-west part of the town, and parts adjoining in the present town of Skaneateles, were settled by Henry S. Platt, Simon Pells and Solomon S. Steele, and a little later came several families of the Shepards, Thomas North, Sen. (grandfather to the

present Justus North,) with a number of his sons, and a family by the name of Dodge.

Soon after the first settlers on the East hill, there came Peter Lawrence Esq. Caleb Todd, Nathaniel Hillyer and Richard May; still later Capt. Martin Godard, Terreny Edson, Reuben Dorchester and William F. Bangs; the latter company purchased farms that had been occupied previously.

James C. Millen and his sons were the first to inhabit the North-East section of the town. He and four of his five sons died in a few years by Typhus Fever. Next in order were Seth Dunbar and Robert McCullough.

The settlement at the Falls, or, what was then called Union Village, was commenced in the Fall of 1806, and the paper mill, denominated the Herring mill, since laid waste by fire, was erected in 1807. Very soon after, a saw mill and flouring mill were built.

The first settlement made in the South-West part of the town, on the Turnpike, was by Parley E. Howe and Samuel Hayes. Mr. Hayes removed to the West at an early period, and Dr. Elisha Chapman came in 1806 and occupied the farm he left, the one now owned by Mr. Thornton. Dr. Chapman was the father of Lincoln and the late Simeon B. Chapman. William and Job Tyler were likewise early settlers.

The settlement South, in the Henry Armstrong district was commenced by Capt. Russell Taylor, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Bennett.

The region of Thorn Hill was settled in 1799. David Earl, Eleazer Burns, Nathan Turner and John Wiltsie arrived there on the first of March in that year. They removed in company from Washington Co. in sleighs. Their families and immediately necessary articles of furniture, were drawn by several horse teams, and their other goods by a number of yokes of oxen. David Earl bought and cleared his farm; lived and died upon it. His son Wm. Earl succeeded him, living there-on, and dying at an advanced age; and was in his turn succeeded by his son, Shepard Earl -

the present occupant. A rare instance in this town of perpetuity of title, and absolute residence, in the conveyance of a farm to the third generation.

It is quite surprising to observe in regard to the early inhabitants of this town, that not merely have their possessions passed into the hands of others, but even their names have become almost extinct among us.

Of the first settlers of this village, the names of Rice and Cossit are no more, and but one of the Bradley name remains with us, — Isaac Bradley.

Capt. Martin Godard came to Marcellus with a family of nine sons, and now not a Godard is to be found among us.

Of more than a thousand acres on our East and West hills that belonged to Col. Bigelow Lawrence, not an acre is now held in the name of Lawrence, and only five acres owned by one of his descendants. Four of his sons lived on the East hill, on farms of over two hundred acres each; while he and his other sons resided on the West hill, on farms measured by the hundreds of acres.

Although besides this family, there were other large families of Lawrences, yet there are left but two families here who hold the name: Carl Lawrence of this village, and Mrs. Julia Lawrence on East hill.

As the name of Lawrence has been so prominent in our town in character, position and numbers at an early day, it is but due to the memory of those who performed so much service, that we should dwell a moment upon the only relic of that enterprising race, left to us in the person of Julia Lawrence.

Julia Lawrence was born in Norfolk, Conn. April 2nd., 1780. Her father, Ariel Lawrence, came to Paris, near Utica, in Jan. 1797 and the following January removed to Onondaga, on what has since been called the Wid. Leonard stand. When coming to Onondaga, they brought fire in a foot stove the last four miles, with which to build their first fire in their new, log house home. Their house was considered the nicest log house in the country,

because the logs were hewed, and the windows so arranged that they could be raised.

Julia Lawrence was married to her cousin Jephthah, son of Bigelow Lawrence, April 1st, 1809; her husband died Feb. 1st. 1872, terminating a married life of sixty three years. How few such instances!

The Rev. Levi Parsons performed the marriage ceremony and in the subsequent Fall, he was himself married; lived with his wife within a fraction of fifty years; survived his wife six years and has been dead nearly twelve years, and yet there is with us to-day Julia Lawrence, the then youthful bride of nineteen, who has survived all these events. And not merely survived, but retaining wonderfully her mental and physical health, 'her eyes not yet dim, nor her natural force abated.'

The first frame house in this village was erected by Dr. Elnathan Beach in 1796, on nearly the same place where now stands the dwelling of Mrs. Curtis Moses. The second was built by Judge Bradley, and still remains in tolerably good order, and is now owned by Geo. Hunt. This has long been known as the Wid. Sophia Ball house, and is now the oldest dwelling in the place. The third house was the old Tavern, that occupied the place where the Roman Catholic Church now stands: and was last owned and occupied by that denomination for church purposes. It was erected by Dea. Samuel Rice, and for a long time kept by him for a tavern.

The old Presbyterian Meeting-House was built in 1803. In the Fall of 1806 there were nine dwelling houses in this village.

The first death that occurred in this place, was that of a traveler whose name was Jones, a young man twenty one years old, from Saratoga Co. He died of what was called Putrid Sore Throat, in May or June 1797 at the house of Dea. Rice, Inn-Keeper. He was buried in the place then first selected as a burial place, where now stands the house of Isaac Bradley. This ground was used for several years until about twenty persons were buried

there. But the soil being found unsuitable for the purpose, it was relinquished about the year 1804, and the present burying ground chosen for the home of the dead. The bodies buried in the former place were principally removed to the new ground. Except these, the first body interred therein was that of Mrs. Eunice Bradley, the first wife of Hon. Dan. Bradley.

The original inhabitants of Marcellus were mostly men possessed of a comfortable amount of property. Many were able to pay the cash for their farms, and had besides a surplus for other purposes. Many others bought on half credit. This made a very healthy financial farming community.

In the original town not more than two, and perhaps not more than one of the soldiers located on the lot for which he served. Consequently, excepting these, all the first inhabitants purchased their farms. They came mostly from the New-England states, as the Lawrence's and Cobb's from Vermont; Maj. May and Parley E. Howe from Rhode Island; a portion from Conn. particularly those who made up the village, and a few from Mass.

The first inhabitants of any community give character to that community. This has its influence in framing the character of future generations. The founders of this town were people of industry, strict economy and sober habits.

They were generally firm supporters of order. They gave encouragement to religious institutions. Public worship on the Sabbath was established immediately on their arrival, and has been maintained ever since. At first reading meetings were held, and they had preaching only occasionally. For several years they united with the inhabitants of Skaneateles in supporting preaching services. Most of the professors of religion were Congregational or Presbyterian; hence the church was of that order and the mode of worship in conformity to it. And although among them, there were a few members of other denominations, there were no separate congregations, but all worshipped together for a period of twenty years. It is worthy of notice that as early as in

1802, measures were taken for building the old Presbyterian church.

And I cannot at the present time better represent to you the character of that people, and their ability for laying strong the foundations for good society in the great future; than to include in this paper a copy of an article of an agreement entered into by ninety eight persons, for the purpose of sustaining the religion of the Bible in their midst.

COPY.

WE, the subscribers, believing that the preaching of the gospel is divinely instituted for the good of mankind, and is of great use, not only in a religious view, but as a means of improving the state of civil society, do hereby, with a view to the encouragement and support of the same, severally promise and agree to and with the Eastern society in Marcellus, that we will annually pay to the said society, the several sums affixed to each and several of our names; the meaning and intent of this is, that each subscriber shall be holden to pay the sum, and that only which is affixed to his own respective name.

The sums, which we hereby promise and undertake to pay, are to be paid in quarterly, semi-annual or annual installments, as shall hereafter be agreed to and directed by a majority of the persons whose names shall be here-unto subscribed; but no subscriber shall be obligated to pay in any one year, more than the sum affixed to his own respective name. The payments, hereby stipulated to be made, are at the option of the subscribers to be either all in money, or only half, and the remainder in good merchantable wheat and pork, or either, and such other articles of produce as the said society shall find it convenient to accept; the above mentioned articles of produce are to be delivered at the market price, and at such time and places within the society, as said society shall from time to time appoint and direct. And to prevent any disputes which might arise about the price of the above mentioned articles of produce, it is hereby agreed that the three

Trustees of this society who for the time then being shall stand first on the list, and three other discreet persons not being subscribers hereunto, who for that express purpose shall be annually chosen by the society at their annual meetings, shall from time to time, and at all times be a competent board to determine what is the market price, or prices at which the above mentioned articles of produce ought under this contract to be tendered in payment.

And in case any subscriber shall neglect to pay in produce at the price or prices so to be agreed upon and determined, and at the time and place, or times and places to be appointed and directed as above mentioned, he shall forfeit the privilege of paying any part of the sum then due in produce, and shall be obligated to pay the whole in money; and in case any subscriber shall neglect to pay his subscription, or any part of it at the time or times to be appointed as above mentioned, then the whole or so much as shall remain due shall be on interest until paid.

It is however to be remembered that we have executed this instrument with a particular view to settling of Mr. Levi Parsons as a minister of the Gospel in said society; it is our express intention that the sums which we have stipulated to pay, shall by the said society be exclusively applied to paying his salary; we promise to pay the said sums annually, either in one annual payment, or in quarterly or half-yearly installments as a majority of the subscribers shall agree, so long as the Rev. Mr. Levi Parsons shall be the minister of said society, provided we shall continue to live at no greater distance from the meeting house in said society than we now do, or at a greater distance if the same shall not be more than three miles and a half.

January 27th., 1807.

Asahel North,	§ 5 00.	Caleb Todd,	§11.00.
Thomas North,	4 00	Joseph North,	3.00.
Herman Dodge,	3.00.	William Graves,	4.00.
Job Barber,	6.00.	Alvin Barber,	2.00.
Abraham Dodge,	8 00.	Peter Lawrence,	10.00.

Thomas North Jr.	§ 4.50.	Amos Millen,	§ 3.00.
Samuel Rice,	25.00.	Solomon Curtis,	3.00.
Elisha Chapman,	15.00.	Dorastus Lawrence,	5.00.
Bigelow Lawrence,	15.00.	Ansell Kellogg,	3.00.
Dan Bradley,	25.00.	Philo Godard,	2.00.
Jonathan Barber,	1.00.	Enoch Cowles,	2 50.
Festus Butts,	1.00.	Ezekial Baker,	2.00.
Moses Norton,	1 10.	Benjamin Baker,	2.00.
Israel Curtis,	4.00.	Joab Lawrence,	4.00.
Joseph Ohnstead,	12.00.	Bildad Barber,	4.00.
Reuben Humphrey,	10.00.	Erastus Barber,	3.00.
William Machen,	12.00.	B. Barber,	2.00.
Reuben Dorchester,	4.00.	Joseph Baker,	1.50.
Terrence Edson,	4.00.	Ebenezer Bird,	2.00.
R. C. Adams,	1.00.	Bradford Norton,	2.00.
Henry S. Platt,	17.00.	Russell Taylor,	8.00.
Solomen G. Steele,	5.00.	Daniel Hutchinson,	3.00.
Daniel Briggs,	2.00.	Nathan Leonard,	3.00.
Samuel Millen,	3.60.	Martin Cossit,	16.00.
Nathan Healey,	2.00.	Jesiah Frost,	10 00.
Robert McCulloch,	5.00.	Eli Cora,	7 00.
Seth Dunbar,	3.00.	Frances Platt,	1.50.
Wm. F. Bangs,	6.00.	— Samuel Wheadon	3.00.
Seymour Dodge,	3.00.	Heman Holcomb,	2 00
John North,	3.00.	Caleb Bunda,	4.00.
Reuben West,	5.00.	Roswell Briggs,	1.00.
Chauncey Hickok,	3.00.	Lewis Kenedy,	2.00.
Cyrus Holcomb,	8.00.	Samuel Bachelor,	1.60.
Nathan Kelsey,	2.00.	Dennis Whitney,	1.00.
Abel Prouty,	2.00.	Samuel Whitney,	2.00.
Samuel Johnson,	2.00.	Simcon Taylor,	2 00.
Samuel Wood,	2.00.	Henry Williams,	1.00.
George McCulloch,	2.00.	Lois Lawrence,	5.00.
Charles Mullan,	1.00.	Wm. Goodwin,	5 00.

Rufus Rose,	\$1.00.	Marten Pees,	\$1.00
Jeptha Cossit,	3.00.	Roxana Holcomb,	3.00.
Giles Sanford,	4.00.	Elijah Loomis,	2.00.
Marquis Cossit,	2.00.	Bigelow Lawrence Jr,	4.00.
Joseph Taylor,	1.00.	Reuben Humphrey Jr,	4.00.
— Henry Horton,	1.40.	Asabel Dodge,	3.00.
Wm. Chrystler,	.25.	Ephraim Talmage,	3.00.
Philip Wilmon,	2.00.	Elisha Alvord,	2.00.
Lyman Cook,	1.50.	Erastus Humphrey,	5.00.
Sammel Parker,	4.00.	Eben Rice,	5.00.

Here we have an instrument, carefully and judiciously drawn up. Great caution was used lest it be encumbered with anything that should tend to excite sectarian prejudices. They were an infant colony, and instead of indulging in bickerings and strife, which would engender separations, they needed to go hand in hand, and shoulder to shoulder, in every enterprise which had for its object the public good. They could not afford in this forest home to be a divided people.

Their distance from the home of their nativity inclined them to band together for every good purpose. Therefore this writing with its appended names, is an instance which speaks volumes for that people, illustrating their harmony in life, and concert in action in any great movement.

It bears the impress of mind and character. Probably Judge Bradley dictated it; for he was truly the Father of this society at that day. No man ever looked more earnestly after the good of his family, than he did for the good of that people.

Such a long list of names is particularly interesting to the old people — natives of this place — on account of their being relics of a former generation, with which in their early years, they were familiar. Reading the names will quickly bring to mind persons long ago forgotten; and around each name will cluster many early associations which for a long series of years have been in oblivion. Thus will the old be enabled to live over again the period

of "youths' bright morning."

I have largely derived the early history of the inhabitants of this town, so far South as the State Road, which runs through Clintonville, from a valuable manuscript in my possession, which was carefully prepared by my father, the Rev. Levi Parsons deceased. His opportunities for such a purpose were probably better than those of any other person in town, because he was apt to commit to writing events of interest as they transpired. From 1816 until almost the day of his death, which occurred in 1864, he kept an uninterrupted diary.

But, for the early history of the inhabitants South of that line, which I am now to introduce, I am very much indebted to a manuscript which Dr. Jonathan Kneeland of South Onondaga, kindly and promptly prepared for me at my request. Dr. Kneeland was born in the South part of this town, and remained a resident therein quite into the prime of his life. Being really an antiquarian, he seemed to be just the man to meet my emergency, and I feel under great obligations to him for the help he has thus rendered me.

Among the early settlers on the three Southern tiers of lots, lying between Skaneateles and Otisco lakes, and East of the latter, the majority were from Washington, Saratoga, Rensselaer, Columbia and Orange counties in this state. Many of those from Washington and Saratoga counties were either born in New England, or were from New-England parentage. Nova-Scotia contributed a few families of Southards, Copps, Earlls, Bowens, Leggs and Palmers.

The mixed character of the American nation was fitly represented by the first settlers of Southern Marcellus. Those from New-England were mostly English, and those from the North-River counties were Dutch, Scotch, Protestant Irish, French and Canadians. Of African or Indian descent there was hardly a trace.

They were generally small farmers and mechanics; but few

men of large property, and none were wealthy: but principally-

“ Holding the golden mean,
 Living contentedly between
 The little and the great;
 Felt not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man’s door,
 Embittering all his state.”

Burroughs first sold goods from a little store in Borodino, before 1806. Horace Childs soon bought him out and was followed by Messrs. Barker.

Dr. Jeremiah Bumfus Whiting from Vermont, settled in Borodino, then called Child’s Corners, about 1802. He continued to practice medicine, and clear up and manage a new farm until 1819, when he removed to Sempronius in Cayuga Co., and afterwards went to Michigan, where he died. He was a good classical and medical scholar and was the best skilled in the use of American indigenous remedies, of any of our early physicians.

Dr. Benjamin Trumbull, a nephew of Gov. Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, one of the most noted of our revolutionary war governors, came to Borodino in 1816. The place owes its name to him, and he did much to build up and foster schools and churches. He was a noble christian gentleman. He died of heart disease, in 1836, at the age of fifty-six.

Only two persons among the natives of Southern Marcellus are known to have been sentenced to any State Prison during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century. Several young men have become physicians and clergymen from these Southern tier of lots, but very few have graduated from Colleges.

On a farm now owned by A. Newville, the Hemlock stump was pointed out for more than twenty years, the tree from which, in falling, crushed the leg of John Palmer, in 1799. His father—Gideon Palmer—took him to a shanty, placed food and water within his reach, and started for Bowen’s, near Clintonville, four miles distant. He got Mr. Bowen to go at once in pursuit of sur-

gical aid

Mr. B. first directed his steps to Onondaga Castle, where he engaged an Indian guide, and together they traversed the forest to New-Hartford, near Utica. A deep snow falling rendered it needful to make snow-shoes for the journey; and it was four days before Bowen returned with a medical student named Hull, aged eighteen, armed with knife and saw. He amputated Palmer's leg on the fifth day after the injury; the result was a fair stump and complete recovery. The boy - Hull - is reported to have brandished his catling and boasted "I had as lief cut off a man's leg as to cut off a slice of beef!" They had no Anæsthesia in those days, but infinite pluck. The whole distance traveled in going after Hull and returning was one hundred and twenty-two miles; this was mostly on snow-shoes over two feet of snow.

Of the early settlers who established mills in Marietta, and that vicinity, were Samuel Tyler and Joseph Enos, who built a Grist mill in Tyler Hollow, and Elijah Manley, a Flax mill. Also Jonathan Russell was engaged in milling.

In about the year 1807, Amos Miner established a mill and wheel-head factory in Southern Marcellus; he afterwards removed to Jordan where for many years he made pails and tubs of excellent quality. Both his wheel-heads and tubs were patented.

A log distillery was built near Miner's mill, in 1808, which became as usual, a school for vice, boiled one man to death in its *mush tub* and ruined its founders in 1811.

Ambrose Parker, apprenticed to Eleazer Hilleburt - a blacksmith - went into the chamber of a log house, and hanged himself from a rafter, with his suspenders, (or gallowses as they were then called.) The only reason he left for committing the rash act was, "that he did not like the trade to which he was bound."

The intelligence and enterprise of the first settlers on the upper part of the Nine-Mile Creek, were up to the average of our early settlements, although moral excellence is never indigenous to valleys and water courses, and needs more carefu

culture there, than among the hills, where, because of the sparse population and the necessary toil, temptations are fewer.

Among those who were born in Southern Marcellus, and who became eminent as statesmen in our Western states, were Fitzgerald, Wilkinson, Harmon, Vanderman, Smith, Sessions, Earl, Waite and Terry; and of these, nearly all were of New-England ancestry, though the families from which some of them descended, were transplanted thither from the Eastern or river counties of this state.

I will here introduce material concerning the Baptist church at Thorn-Hill, which I have gathered from a manuscript history of the church, prepared by Elder Hatch in 1867, who was at that time pastor of the church.

Although the first record of the church dates April 19th. 1806, yet there are circumstances to show that the church was organized in the Fall or Winter preceding. At this date April 19th 1806 Elder Elias Harmon was the pastor, and among the most active male members, were the names of Amasa Sessions, Amasa Kneeland, John Kneeland, Warren Kneeland, Jesse Manley Chauncey Demings, Nathan Thomason and Joshua Chandler.

The following is a list of pastors and the period of their pastorates, from the organization of the church, until Sept. 5th. 1867.

Elias Harmon,	—	1805 to Feb. 1816.
Solomon Morton,	Aug.	1816 to Aug. 1818.
Jesse B. Worden,	Nov.	1818 to Mar. 1835.
W. B. Copron,	Mar.	1835 to Mar. 1840.
Thomas Brown,	Apr.	1840 to Feb. 1848.
A. R. Palmer,	Feb.	1848 to Dec. 1849.
Sylvester Gardner,	Spring	1850 to May 1851.
Wm. Wilkins,	May	1851 to Mar. 1852.
Jno. Baldwin,	June	1853 to Sept. 1854.
Alex. Milne,	Mar.	1855 to Mar. 1857.
Hiram Powers,	Mar.	1857 to Mar. 1858.

Thomas Bowen,	Apr. 1858 died June 19th. 1858.
J. N. Seely,	Dec. 1858 to Nov. 1860.
Wm. Boney,	May 1861 to May 1864.
E. B. Hatch,	Apr. 1865

From the organization of the church up to Sept. 1867, a period of sixty-two years there had united with it by baptism, five hundred and twenty-two, and by letter three hundred and eight. Thus we see that this was truly a living church, and it accounts, no doubt, for the high character that the society of Thorn-Hill has always borne among us. They were not merely elevated on a high hill, but also elevated by literary and religious attainments.

Elder Worden's pastorate was the longest, being about eighteen years, and seemed to be in a period of the greatest prosperity of the church; as Elder Hatch remarked "during the pastorate of Elder Worden the church reached the meridian of its strength and influence." He also quotes the following summary of his labors from his diary. "Preached two thousand sermons, attended two hundred funerals and solemnized one hundred and twenty marriages. Over four hundred were received into the church by baptism, and one hundred and forty by letter."

In addition to his labors in this church, he made six missionary tours into Western New York and Northern Penn. He was a devoted pastor and greatly beloved by his people.

Dr. Kneeland writes - "the Baptist church at Thorn-Hill was built fifty-nine years ago. Previously meetings were held in school houses. Elder Jesse B. Worden preached to the people from the high pulpit of this church, standing on one leg. (not Worden but the pulpit,) for about eighteen years, when he went to Montrose, Penn. where he died. He was Captain of volunteers in the war of 1812, and was a man of worth and weight."

In 1809 the society voted that their pastor's salary should be \$150.00. and subsequently - how long I do not know - they reduced it to \$100.00. They also at that time voted to raise it by

assessing the members of the church. One man refused to pay his assessment, and after being kindly dealt with, was excluded for covetousness. In 1818 when Elder Worden was employed, his salary was stipulated at \$250.00., one fifth of which was to be in cash, and the remainder in produce, principally corn and wheat, the former at three shillings, and the latter at six shillings a bushel.

Dr. Kneeland says "Elder Morton, a man long to be remembered for his strong Calvinistic sermons, removed to Indiana about the year 1817, and nearly at the same time Elder Harmon and his large family settled in Chautauqua Co. Many of his sons became men of mark."

The good results flowing from an institution like this church, situated as it is in the midst of a great rural section, are seen and felt by all who live in that section or around it; but even then the whole is not known and eternity alone can reveal it all.

Thorn Hill is known far and wide for its agricultural attainments. The unparalleled success which has attended its agricultural fairs, is too patent to need any proof. I have heard that it is said, that improved farming implements have met with the most ready sale in that neighborhood of any other in this county. More of her sons and daughters have entered the literary field, than is usual to that amount of population. Besides others that I have mentioned as having become statesmen in the great West; the following have been members of the New York legislature once, and some of them twice; Daniel Baxter, S. S. Kneeland, Sidney Smith and Lewis Smith, the last also once held the office of High Sheriff.

We turn again to the interests of this village and vicinity. The inhabitants here having come from New-England, the land of schools, necessarily felt the great importance of education. Hence the next winter after the permanent settlement of the village - the winter of 1796-97 - a school was established. It was taught by Judge Bradley. What compensation he received for

his services does not appear, probably however, not very much. He did not engage in the business from pecuniary motives, for in other employments his time would have been profitably occupied. He taught, as is supposed, two successive winters in a log school-house, between Chester Hillyer's and Major May's.

The first female teacher was Azenath Lawrence, daughter of Col. Bigelow Lawrence and afterwards mother of Mrs. Jacob M. Cook. She taught in the summer succeeding the season in which Judge Bradley taught, and in the same school-house. She is represented as having been an excellent teacher, and well qualified for the occupation. At that time, the principal inhabitants of this part of the town living in the village and on the East Hill, the school-house was located to accommodate all. A frame school-house was soon erected on nearly the same spot, and continued to be occupied until the fall of 1807. A school-house was then built in the village, just in the rear of the Presbyterian church. This of course produced some derangement of the district, and the people on the East Hill erected a school house near the old Todd place, where Robert Dorchester now lives.

At an early period a school-house was built in Shepard Settlement, a few rods West of the old Andrew Shepard corner; also one on the South Hill near its present building, and one on the West Hill.

About the winter of 1812-13 the first act was passed for the establishment of common schools in this state, and at the same time affording them a small amount of public money. There was besides, a school-fund belonging to the town. The origin of that fund is this:—originally on the military tract, two lots in each township were reserved for the support of the gospel, and literature. One of these lots in Marcellus was in some way, diverted from its original design and applied to other purposes. The remaining lot — that on which Guy Cook now lives — was, by permission of the Legislature, sold and the proceeds vested in Bond and Mortgage, and the interest only was to be expended for schools.

What a change has taken place from the commencement of common schools, in the log school-house near Mr. Hillyer's eighty years ago! Who can estimate the benefits which have resulted to the community from these common school institutions, established by the wisdom and exertions of those who have gone before us? How important that we should sustain and foster them, and endeavor to elevate their character.

I must not fail to speak of our beautiful Creek, called the Nine-Mile Creek. It is said to have received its name from the fact, that from the point where the old Genesee road crossed the Onondaga Creek, to this Creek, at this village was about nine miles; and that gave rise to the expression, "Nine-Mile Creek" as given to travelers when on their way westward through Onondaga Hollow. The length of this stream is about twenty miles. It is one of the most capable streams for its size in the State, and has been rendered permanently so, by the building of the State dam at its source, a few years since.

Although but eight miles of it is within the the limits of our own town, still the great mass of its available power is within these limits. In this town there are seventeen mill-sites that have been occupied. All but two or three have from eight to twelve feet head. But a small portion of the available power of the creek has been utilized.

The first building on the stream was a saw mill, erected by Dea. Rice and Judge Bradley in the Fall or Winter of 1795-96. It stood a little above the present stone mill, on the same side of the creek. It was built at a great disadvantage and expense. The inhabitants were so few, that they were obliged to send to Camillus for men to assist in raising it. It was of almost incalculable benefit to the young community. For several years there was no grist-mill in the place. To procure grinding, it was necessary either to go to Manlius, twenty miles off, or to the Red Mills, as they were termed, at Seneca Falls a distance of twenty-five miles. It required the time of three days for a man to go to mill. About

the year 1800, Maj. May and his father-in-law Mr. Sayles, erected a grist mill near the saw mill just mentioned. This was not only of great convenience to the inhabitants near, but it commanded for many years the entire custom of the town and of the Western part of Onondaga.

There are now in regular operation three saw mills, three custom and flouring mills, three paper mills, one woolen factory, one furniture factory, one Barley mill, one plaster mill and one Flax mill.

Merchandise has been carried on here from the first settlement of this place. In 1796 Dr. Elnathan Beach brought on goods and opened a store in this village. He kept dry goods, groceries and medicines. His store was in his house on the spot where Mrs. Curtis Moses resides, of which we have before spoken. This he continued until his death in about 1801. Lemuel Johnson succeeded Dr. Beach and built the store that fronts the street running South, where A. E. Bicknell now deals in fancy goods. This was afterward occupied by Guy Humphrey and then by Wm. Goodwin, father of the present Miles Goodwin.

When Judge Bradley and Dea. Rice first came here, there was a man belonging to one of their families who, one night, made his bed in a large Hemlock bark. It resulted in a splendid "night's sleep," but when he awoke in the morning, how great was his surprise to find that he was firmly enclosed within the bark.

The animal heat had caused the bark to roll up, and as it was from a large tree, it was very strong. His friends after enjoying themselves awhile at his novel situation, relieved him from his imprisonment by cutting the bark open with an axe. New comers occasionally made shelves of nice bark, and sometimes would find their crockery shut up as the man was, and in some cases broken.

Before the time of railroads, the running of stages formed quite an important business. These villages along the East and West road, were wonderfully enlivened day by day, by the arrival

and departure of the stage-coaches drawn by four horses.

As the stages were descending these hills to enter the village, the drivers would make the valley reverberate with the music from their tin horns. They became amateurs in the art, and vied with each other in the use of the horn. Their object in blowing the horn was to notify the drivers at the stables to make ready their horses for a change; and the landlord that the meals might be in order for the passengers.

In those days brakes had not been introduced on the stages; consequently they descended these hills with quite a velocity.

The horses used were of the first quality, athletic, sure-footed and strong. Each stage weighed twenty-two hundred pounds, and carried eleven passengers with their baggage, which was moderate compared with the individual baggage of the present day.

Two coaches were run regularly each way every day, besides extras, which were frequent to meet the demands of travel.

The class of young men who turned their attention to stage driving were natural lovers of horses, and, as a result of this, became very skillful in the management of their horses, taught them many tricks, and to perform feats.

Each horse had a name, and, when called by that name, obeyed the mandates of its master. The driver's whip was composed of a stalk from four to five feet long, to which was attached a lash from ten to twelve feet in length, and on the end of the lash a nicely braided silk cracker. It was a great piece of dexterity to hold the reins of four horses, and so wield the whip as to give a smart crack with it; or, in coming down one of these hills, to lay the whip upon the top of the stage and blow the horn, holding the four reins in one hand, with the horses under full speed.

These drivers were usually daring men, but very energetic and faithful in the performance of their duties. To their good judgment, skill and energy, multitudes have owed the safety of life and limb.

Hiram Reed of this village, relates an instance which well displays the combination of these qualities in one driver. When a lad, at school in Skaneateles, he and a fellow school-mate wishing to go to Auburn by stage, secured seats outside with the driver. As they were descending the steepest hill between the two places, one of the pole straps broke; (two straps leading from the front end of the pole to the collars of the wheel horses, and with which they held back the stage;) the driver ready for the emergency said to Reed and his mate "hold on boys" and at once laid the whip on to his horses, so that they went with "full speed" down the remainder of the hill in perfect safety - passengers, coach and horses unharmed! Mr. Reed says that he never after sought a ride on the outside of a stage. The driver secured the safety of the stage through the leaders making a constant draft on the pole to which they were directly attached. But amidst all the confusion he did not forget the boys

Of the large number of stage drivers who used to ride over these hills, and contend with darkness, storm and tempest; but one is left living among us, and that is Adolphus Newton. Much of my information on this subject was derived from him. He commenced the arduous duties of stage driving in 1819, when but sixteen years of age, and continued eleven years. Nothing delights him more at his present age, than to sit down before a good listener, and recount the adventures of his youthful years in this department of his life. He says that at one period he drove what was called the Telegraph. This was a stage with a limited number of passengers, and that carried the mail. It run eight miles an hour, when the roads were good.

They changed horses every ten miles, but one driver went through from Auburn to Manlius, a distance of thirty-three miles. He says that on some special occasions of carrying important personages, he has made the distance in three hours. Once he had for passengers Gov. Seward and Black-Hawk, and drove ten miles in fifty minutes. It was a rule to give such men, what was called

"extra rides." Another load consisted of Gen. Scott, Gov. Marcy and Martin VanBuren.

There were three periods during Mr. Newton's driving, when opposition lines were placed upon this road; only one of these proved to be a serious annoyance to the Sherwood line. This was what was called the Pioneer. It was well stocked with first-class horses and fine coaches, but with inexperienced drivers. Fast driving became a natural consequence to competition in staging. This proved the value of experience in drivers, as well as in all other situations of trust connected with responsibility. For in making quick time, there is called into requisition good judgment in the management of horses, which is based only on successful experience, as when to drive fast, when slow, and when to drive moderately. Also to the care given to the horses at the end of each route, in feeding, watering and exposure. The result was that the old drivers proved themselves heroes in the strife. For although in the frequent racing of stages to which they were subject, the Pioneer was fully their equal; yet soon the new line showed impaired horses, the consequence of indiscretion in driving and want of care at the stables; and this gave rise to such a monstrous relay of horses, that it finally broke down the opposition line.

As "variety is the spice of life" and competition the life of business; so in this racing of the stages, the inhabitants of this whole region were no idle spectators, but their every day "hum-drum life" was spiced by the daily news of hair breadth escapes, and the Jehu-feats of the drivers; and, as in these days, so then, quick time increased the amount of travel.

Stages were entirely removed from this route in Dec. 1838, when the cars were first run by horse power, and this was changed to steam power in June 1839.

The great stage proprietor, whose talents were as celebrated in that day for staging, as Commodore Vanderbilt's have since been for rail-roading, was Isaac Sherwood. His residence

was in Skaneateles, and he is said to have weighed three hundred and eighty pounds. His successor was his son John Milton, who was almost as ponderous as his father, and as wonderful a stage proprietor.

The stage fare was five cents a mile, so that in the winter season a trip from this place to New York and back cost \$30.00. But the people traveled principally in their own conveyances.

This village in those days was full of life and energy. Instead of two dry-good stores there were six, and sometimes seven; grocery stores about the same as now, two drug stores, and one hat store. There were two taverns, as they were then called.

Formerly the merchants replenished their stock of goods but once a year. They would leave for New York sometimes in the spring and often go in company. The morning of their departure would be of such interest to the inhabitants of the village, that quite a little group would often assemble around the stage, to express their good wishes for a prosperous journey, and a safe return finally. I say finally, for the possibility of a speedy return was not entertained, particularly before steam was used for navigation. They usually went from Albany by water, in sloops, as a matter of economy; and would be subject to the freaks of the wind as to a quick passage. Sometimes two weeks would be required to go from Albany to New York.

Their return would be hailed as the harbinger of new goods. Even the merchants themselves as they first appeared, with their tall hats of the latest New York style on their heads, and some other fancy arrangements of dress, were in themselves marks of interest, and thereby modes of advertising the future arrival of new goods. In this way the people would be stirred up for action, towards a new supply of family necessities, comforts and luxuries.

The shopping of the inhabitants was confined to this village and the Falls. There was no Syracuse then. Later Auburn attained a growth that offered some more facilities. By this we see that a life and power belonged to this village at that time to

which it is now a stranger.

Riding on horse-back was the usual mode of travelling for the first twenty years or more, of the settlement of the country. Consequently people became very expert in that practice. The old and young, irrespective of sex, would readily mount their steeds, and go far and near as occasion required. They used to make extensive journeys in that manner. A lady would go from here to Mass. or Conn. and a young lady too, and her whole wardrobe would be back of her saddle in a valise. No great Saratoga trunk to be carried along in those days.

One of the pleasant pastimes for the young people was for a party of them to ride to adjoining towns, or towns more remote. At one time a party belonging to this vicinity rode to Canandaigua in one day, a distance of more than fifty miles; the next day visited friends, and returned home on the third day. At that period the inhabitants of the villages situated on this great thoroughfare, were more or less acquainted with each other and made frequent interchange of visits.

Pillions were also in use; so that families whose number of horses was limited, or whose horses, at times were mostly engaged in the necessary business of life, could accommodate themselves by riding two on a horse. These exhibitions were of daily occurrence. Horses were early trained under the saddle, and being thus in almost daily use, became delightful riding horses. This was a healthy mode of riding. No process better stirs up the whole system to vigorous action, than the frequent practice on horse-back. A pity that the ladies of the present day could not enjoy these same privileges!

Most long journeys simply for prospecting or visiting were made in this way. How many of our grand-fathers and great grand-fathers first came from their far Eastern homes on horse-back? But this is not all – how many of our grand-mothers and great grand-mothers did likewise? And not in a few instances either, the latter alone.

Mrs. Cody the grand-mother of Hiram Reed came from Mass. some time before 1800, alone and on horseback. She was a widow, and this was her prospecting tour for a home in this great wilderness. After reaching this place, she rode around viewing different portions of the town, and finally made a purchase of six hundred and forty acres; the North-Eastern corner of which afterwards included what is now Clintonville.

Mrs. Polly Earl of Thorn Hill cited to me a case of an elderly lady of Conn. who came alone on horse-back to visit her daughter, Mrs. Amasa Sessions, living on the East side of Skaneateles lake. After making a good visit of several weeks, on starting for home, Mrs. Sessions concluded to take her horse and accompany her mother one day's journey and then return. On accomplishing that day's journey, her enjoyment of the ride, and interest in the mother were such, that she determined to go on to Conn. and visit her old home. After making her visit - being a dress-maker by trade - she conceived the idea of applying herself to her business, to obtain sufficient money to defray the expenses incurred by her absence from home. Accordingly she was soon plying the needle; and in the period of a few weeks, accomplished her object, mounted her horse and as she reined away, bid good-bye to her friends, and soon she and her proud steed were on their way to their then Western home. On reaching home she found that her earnings in her absence had not merely been sufficient to meet the expenses of the journey, but also to enable her to experience the delightful pleasure of making her husband a present of fifty dollars.

It must be borne in mind that although a lady was thus journeying through an almost uninterrupted forest, without any appointed traveling companions, still, as I have previously remarked, there was a continuous procession of travelers on the road either emigrating or prospecting, so that she was not alone; and although all were strangers to her, yet distributed all along among that stretched out multitude, were very many mothers and grand-mothers in reality, who, as was the nature of society in those

days, would be interested at any moment in the situation of such a person.

About the year 1816 the Small Pox appeared suddenly in town; and in consequence of this, those persons who had never had the disease, hastened to be inoculated for it, because few believed in the preventive powers of vaccination. Two Pest-Houses were at once established, one two-thirds of the way up the East hill; the other in a house that at that time occupied the site where James Danlap now lives; but since has been removed and stands on the first situation East of the cemetery.

All that were inoculated were obliged at once to take up their residence in one or the other of these Pest-Houses; there to be prepared by diet and medicine for the invasion of the disease, and then to be treated and cared for until its termination. As a rule, when thus carefully managed, the disease would run so light a course, as not to produce any alarming sickness, or leave marks ever indelible.

The late Dr. Evelyn Porter of Skaneateles, then a lad of sixteen or seventeen, was at that time attending school here, and on the alarm occasioned by the Small Pox, went immediately home. His father Dr. Samuel Porter, a stirring, energetic man in his profession, at once vaccinated him, and when the vaccination had run its course, sent his son back here to Dr. Bildad Beach, with instructions that he be placed in the Pest-House, and there inoculated for the Small Pox and remain the appointed time. Dr. Beach acted in accordance with these instructions, and young Porter, after living three or four weeks in the filth of the Pest-House, came out as unharmed and unsullied as though he had been a piece of marble.

What a heroic triumph for the powers of vaccination over that fearful disease - Small Pox !

Several families emigrated directly from England and located on our West hill in about the year 1834. These were families in comfortable circumstances, from what is called in Eng-

land the middle class of society. They proved to be a very valuable acquisition to our town, not only by their thrift and neatness in agricultural life, but also by their correct deportment, and in most instances by their religious life. I think that they gave new life to the science and art of agriculture among us, particularly in the draining of lands, and the raising of stock.

Among this young colony, there were two leading characters – Fathers Rich and Jay – venerable old men, who deserve a passing notice. They were men of excellent judgment, and illustrious for their piety. Like Jonathan and David of old, their souls were knit together in love. The avocation of Father Rich was that of a farmer; of Father Jay, a clergyman of the Methodist order.

Father Jay was a very interesting preacher, and he always had attentive audiences. His style was simple, but impressive and solemn. Being thoroughly versed in the Holy Scriptures, his words were powerful to the edification of his hearers. He was a remarkable man in many respects; was large of stature, portly and commanding in his personal appearance. He seemed to my boyish eyes, with a little help of my imagination, like a fine representation of the old patriarch Jacob, as the Bible so finely delineates his life and some of his bodily movements and positions; large in size and with great benignity of countenance, and accustomed to sit leaning upon the top of his staff; and I have no doubt that he also often “worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff.”

As old age and poor health pressed heavily upon him, he adopted the practice of remaining at home during the protracted winter season. His home was then three miles distant. In these instances, preparatory to retirement, he would take a final leave of the congregation with whom he worshiped. Then some pleasant Sabbath in the spring, the reappearance of Father Jay’s venerable form, would light up the faces of the people, because they expected to hear from him words of salutation, comfort and thanksgiving.

But there was one spring time above all the rest, when he

came into their midst, and surprised them by saying that he had met with a great disappointment; and that more grace was required to enable him to be reconciled to it, than for almost any thing else he had met with in his whole christian life. It was this. During the winter his health had failed so much, that he had not supposed it possible to survive until spring; and that his mind had laid hold on the glories of the future state to such a degree, that, instead of being here among these earthly friends, he had really hoped and believed that he should have been mingling in the company of his glorified friends around the throne of God and the Lamb. He was a gloriously shining light through the brief years of his residence in this community.

At his funeral and around his grave in our cemetery, where his remains had just been deposited, stood a large circle of English, as well as American friends; and one of those English friends – an old Mr. Fuller of Skaneateles, – pronounced quite a eulogy upon the character of the deceased, and with great emphasis, expressed the loss that they, as a young colony, had sustained in his death.

Thus closed the useful life, of one of the brightest ornaments to our society.

These two old men were often together until death separated them, and that was only for a season. Although Mr. Jay was much the older man, yet Mr. Rich preceded him in death four years. Just before he died he sent for Mr. Jay to come and see him. On Mr. Jay approaching, he, with a countenance lighted up by a smile, humorously said that he was outrunning him, and should reach heaven first; although in their occasional conversations on that subject, Mr. Jay's poor health and greater age favored his being the victor in the race. Mr. Rich died in 1841, and Mr. Jay in 1845, and their resting places in our cemetery are nearly side by side.

But there were men who lived long lives here, that contributed most to moulding and giving character to this community by

virtue of their profession, as well as their real worth as men; among whom are the following – the Hon. Dan. Bradley, Rev. Levi Parsons, Rev. John Tompkins and the Rev. Stephen Cobb.

I cannot better introduce to you Judge Bradley, than by producing a copy of a brief of his life which I found in his family Bible, entered in his own handwriting.

I, the said Dan Bradley was born at Mount Carmel, now Hamden, in the state of Connecticut, on the 10th. day of June it seems, in the year 1767, my parents being Jabez and Esther Bradley.

In September 1785, I became a member of Yale College in the 19th. year of my age and four years thereafter, viz. on the 9th. day of September in the year 1789, I received at the said College a degree of bachelor of arts, this being in the 23rd. year of my age.

In October 1790 I was licensed to preach the gospel by the association of New Haven county.

The same month viz the 21st. day of October in the year 1790, I was married by the Rev. John Foot to Miss. Eunice Beach.

The 11th. day of January 1792 I was ordained at Hamden in Connecticut to the pastoral charge of the church in Whitestown, New Hartford settlement, state of New York, and in February thereafter moved with my small family from Hamden to the said place.

In January 1795 I was dismissed from the pastoral charge of the church in Whitestown, and moved to Marcellus the same year, at which place I arrived with my family, Sept. 6th. 1795 in the 29th. year of my age.

My son Dan Bradley was born at Marcellus July 18th. 1804, and baptized the 31st. of March following, by the Rev. Joshua Johnson.

On the day following the birth of this child viz. the 19th. day of July in the year 1804, at about one o'clock in the morning, my worthy and beloved wife, Mrs. Eunice Bradley died

in the 38th year of her age.

On the 3rd day of February in the year 1805, I was married the 2nd time, at New-Haven, by President Dwight to Miss. Nancy Rose, being myself at that time in the 38th year of my age, and the said Nancy being in her 24th year."

The following from a manuscript of the Rev. Levi Parsons -
 "The Hon. Dan Bradley was a man of liberal education, had been a minister of the gospel, but relinquished the profession, and engaged in secular life. He took a deep interest in everything, which might advance the interests and elevate the character of the community. He became a magistrate quite early, and then Judge of the County Court, which office he held till nearly the age of limitation, viz. 60, when he resigned it. He had a great taste for Agriculture, and did much by his experiments and by his writings to improve and elevate it. He was highly and deservedly esteemed by the community, and his name is held in affectionate remembrance."

It is said of Judge Bradley's first wife, that during the period he was in college, she pursued the same course of study as the college course, and that their correspondence with each other, extended through this whole time.

Rev. Levi Parsons was born in Northhampton, Mass. Aug. 20th 1779. He entered Williams College in 1798 and graduated in 1801. He taught two years in an academy in Cornwall, Conn; then accepted and filled the appointment of tutor in Williams College for two years. He studied Theology with Rev. Dr. Hyde of Lee, Mass. and was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1806 at Stockbridge. He then engaged in missionary labor in this State, under the direction of the Berkshire Missionary Society, visiting new settlements in Central and Western New-York, and extending his travels as far as Niagara. In Sept. 1806 he first visited this place on his return from the West, having gone there through the southern tier of counties. He was ordained pastor here on the 16th. of Sept. 1807, being the second minister settled in Onondaga County. On

Oct. 9th 1809 was married to Miss. Almira Rice, daughter of Samuel Rice with whom he lived nearly fifty years. He continued his relations to this people until Jan. 15th 1833 when they were dissolved. Then he preached one year in Tully, and another year in Otiseo, when he was recalled to this congregation, and supplied them until 1841 and then resigned. After that he preached to the church on the State Road for several successive years, and afterwards to the church at Borodino a few years; in both of these places eleven years. From this time until his death, he supplied no pulpit regularly, but filled vacancies occasionally as called for.

And here it is more appropriate for the occasion that I should lay before you the views of the late Rev. John Tompkins, as expressed in some extracts from a discourse delivered at his funeral.

“ Mr. Parsons’ pastorate here was successful. The church under him, by a steady progress, grew from a small beginning to fair proportions, and has always exhibited steadfastness. In those years when the furor for new measures swept through this part of the country, he did not fall in with them, nor encourage them, and the consequence was, while many churches around were rent and torn, and their old foundations broken up, this church held on its way. He very probably was regarded as slow, and quite behind the times; but subsequent events demonstrated the wisdom of his views and position, and it was a great blessing to the church that it had such a pastor during these times of agitation and excitement.

His views of divine truth were clear and consistent, and he presented them in language so plain that they were easily understood. His style of preaching possessed but few ornaments, but to the sincere enquirer after truth it was highly instructive. The character, the intelligence of those who grew up under his ministry, and were associated with him in the church, affords abundant evidence of this. They were stable men, not easily moved from their positions, or shaken in their sentiments.

He was a judicious man. His mind was well balanced and

he was never hurried into excesses, or hindered in the discharge of known duty. He had an undying affection for the church, his eye was ever single to its prosperity, and whether in the pastorate or out of the pastorate, he was a wise counsellor, and ready to cooperate in any measures calculated to promote the interests of the church, not only here but through-out the world.

He was, I believe, one of the founders of Auburn Seminary, and belonged to its board of trustees from its incorporation until his death. In all its embarrassments and difficulties, it had in him a warm steadfast friend, and for its prosperity his heart was filled with gladness."

His interest in the cause of education is abundantly proved, by his filling the office of School Inspector for the town, for a long period of his earlier years, associated with his intimate and choice friend Judge Bradley; and also by the number of youth of both sexes who made a school-room of his study.

Mr. Parsons was remarkable for his punctuality in meeting his engagements. As a member of the Prudential Committee of the Board of Trustees of Auburn Theological Seminary, it was necessary to meet with them once a month, and until he had reached "three score years and ten" he hardly ever varied from being regularly present, and that too when the trip had to be made with his own conveyance.

He lived to a good old age - eighty-five - and his declining years, serene as a summer's eve, at the close of a life long service for the good of man, were a beautiful attestation to the power of christian faith over death and the grave.

The Rev. John Tompkins was a native, I believe, of Oneida Co. where he remained until he was twenty three years of age. His parents were people of moderate means, but of thorough religious principles. Up to that period his education was nothing more than he could procure in the common school, which at that time was very moderate compared with what they now afford. He was then master of his trade - Tanner and Currier - when he

felt pressing upon him the duty of preaching the Gospel. I will here quote his own language, in an extract from his twenty-fifth Anniversary discourse. "Engaged in a pursuit both agreeable and profitable, I expected to pursue it through life. But the question arose; can I make the most of life in this pursuit? Has not God claims upon me that cannot well be met as I am now? The result of this inquiry was, I determined to leave my employment and if possible, prepare myself to preach the Gospel."

He at once entered upon a course of study preparatory for that great life work, which occupied eight consecutive years. He became a graduate of Hamilton College and Auburn Theological Seminary.

In Aug. 1841 he first entered the pulpit of the Presbyterian church of this village, and did not leave it until Aug. 1866 – twenty-five years to a day – when he was called to pass over the river of death.

Mr. Tompkins was a man fully alive to his surroundings; quick to perceive in others their varied movements in life; and being desirous to promote the welfare of those among whom he lived, these natural inclinations aided him largely in the practice of his profession. No one came within the scope of his vision without being acknowledged; and therefore strangers who had come to reside among us received from him a cordial welcome. He was untiring in his watchful care over his parishioners. Possessing a deeply sympathetic nature he had ample calls for its outpourings. He was a man of tears – weeping was spontaneous with him – so that he might with great propriety have been called Jeremiah or the "weeping prophet." He never visited the sick or the afflicted without weeping with them. A man of few words on such occasions his tears seemed to compensate. Once in the presence of a Father and Mother agonizing as they were viewing for the last time their only two deceased children, he was asked by a bystander if he could not assuage their grief by some words of consolation; he replied that he could not and wept.

He seemed to be more and more weighed down with the responsibilities pertaining to his profession as years rolled along, so that his desire for souls proportionably increased.

The last years of his life he fought intemperance as one who hated it, and his patience with those who sustained it, became almost exhausted.

A lover of the cause of education, the school-rooms were frequently lighted up by his presence. He usually had more or less youths under his care pursuing the higher branches of education.

He died in the midst of his usefulness, and a great multitude of mourners followed him to his burial.

The late Rev. Stephen Cobb was born in 1799. His Father was one of the pioneers and his son Stephen was the second male child born in this town. Born and reared in the midst of dense forests, produced strength both of intellect and body, that any one in these latter days might well covet. The child of yesterday was soon wielding the axe in falling these lofty trees, to let in the light of the sun of heaven. Thus his early years, even to manhood's prime, were spent in contending with rugged nature: fitly preparing him for the most important of his life's duties, which was to preach the Gospel.

It is not necessary here, for me to state, that in those early days, the life of a Methodist Circuit preacher was not one of ease and luxury or that he slept on beds of down – but like his Divine Lord and Master – many times had not where to lay his head.

With nothing preparatory but a limited common school education, as he could pick it up during the few short days of winter; did our young servant of God, launch forth, Bible and Hymn book in hand, to proclaim the message of salvation to dying men.

But God had already laid in him the foundation for his work, in a stentorian voice accompanied with the gifts of oratory, and music. Mr. Cobb traveled over the hills and through the valleys of this and surrounding towns; preaching, and singing, and praying. During the intervals he labored on his farm, thus fulfilling

the injunction of the Apostle, "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

It was once my privilege to accompany Mr. Cobb three miles away from the village, whither he was called to visit a sick woman who was near the end of life. He gave to her in brief, words of consolation and hope, and then addressed the Throne of Grace in prayer. And such a prayer! Although he had a voice that would fill all "out doors," yet he so modulated it for the sick room, that it was sweet music to the ear, and possessed a distinctness of utterance that required no effort on the part of the woman to understand it; he prayed with such an unction that not merely the woman felt God's presence in the room but the speaker too.

The poor always found a true friend in Mr. Cobb. Their little wants he readily supplied. He was very popular among them in the sick room, and at the burial of their dead. In his daily life, he carried a cheerful countenance, and was never ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

Mr. Cobb was an instance of the power of Bible knowledge, in educating not only the soul but the intellect. There he was with a limited preparatory education, and yet at times he would hold an audience almost spell-bound "as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come."

It was always interesting to hear him sing in social meetings. This he entered into with his whole soul. Occasionally in these meetings, when, during the singing of a hymn, he would be engaged in direct private appeal to one and another on the subject of religion, the singing would begin to lag; then suddenly he would raise himself erect, and pour out such a volume of voice, as would completely lift the whole house, and inspire with music all in the room. He truly sang "with the spirit and the understanding also."

He used to say while in health, that life to him was sweet, and that he desired to live on the earth so long as it should be God's will, then he wished to die. And he proved himself true to

his declarations; for when death was approaching, he expressed himself ready to live and ready to die. Thus he died in the faith of the Gospel, which he had so long preached, in the 77th year of his age.

Besides men who exerted strong religious influence at home, our town, at an early day, sent out two of her sons as missionaries in foreign fields; and that too when it was at the risk of one's life thus to go. William Todd and Dan Bradley Jr. were the chosen sons to go to far off Asia and preach the Gospel to the heathen.

Wm. Todd's father located on the East hill in about 1800. He first purchased the three hundred and twenty acres afterwards owned and occupied by the late Simeon B. Chapman. He proved to be one of those occasionally unfortunate men of that period, who through some mistake of land agents, laid hold of land owned by others. The consequence invariably in those cases was, that after more or less years of occupancy in blissful ignorance, and of improvement of the lands, that the rightful owner would appear, and order the occupant to vacate, or to pay over again for the land, not merely the price for wild land, but now the price for an improved farm, notwithstanding the improvement has been made by himself. Such was Mr. Todd's predicament, and the remainder of his life to old age was about consumed in the effort to leave, for his surviving family, a farm clear from debt. Mr. Todd had built a fine barn, 45x55. When the original owner of the farm appeared to claim his property, Mr. T. at once purchased of a neighbor across the highway five acres of land, and one night that large barn took a walk across on to that piece of land. But the wonder about the whole matter was, that the next morning "nobody knew anything." So the barn was saved to Mr. Todd.

Mr William Todd received his education at Hamilton College and Auburn Theological Sem. and after marrying a wife, bade "good - bye" to his friends and took the stage for Boston, where, in those days, most of the missionaries embarked. He then bade farewell to America, the land of Christian liberty for Madura in

the southern part of Hindostan, a land of gloom and oppression, as he supposed, to spend his remaining years. But it was otherwise ordered. Mr. Todd's health failed step by step until as a dernier resort he was obliged to return to the land of his nativity; after a few years passed in half duty and recreation, a portion of which time he spent here in Marcellus, preaching and giving lectures on Hindostan here and elsewhere, he removed to the then "Far West", first to Iowa and finally to Kansas, where his health permitted him to alternate preaching with manual labor. He died, I think, within the past year.

Dan Bradley Jr. was born July 18th 1804 in the Mrs. Sophia Ball house. His childhood and youthful years were spent here. As was the custom in those days in the bringing up of sons; after they had reached the age of ten or twelve years to require their winters only to be spent in study, and their summers in work on the farm; so it was with young Bradley, and he proved himself to be a workman on the farm that "needeth not to be ashamed." The old Judge Bradley farm of two hundred acres or more that lay just South of this village, and including then what is now the South portion of this village, as far West as to the street leading South from Main St., was the spot on which our young friend spent his early days, and monuments of his skill and labor are still standing in the form of stone walls to this day.

Being very fond of music he was a prominent member of the church choir. Possessed of more than ordinary intellectual gifts he used his leisure hours in literary pursuits, and finally turned his attention to the study of medicine and surgery; graduating in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. It was not until then that his attention was turned to the wants of the heathen world, and his heart so went out after them that he concluded to devote his life to their service. After his marriage, he, like Todd, also bade farewell to weeping friends and rode in stage to Boston, where he embarked for his long voyage to India. It was no small undertaking in those days to make that journey, for it had to be

done in a sailing vessel, and required about a year to complete it. The end of his voyage proved to be Bangkok, the great city of Siam, at which port English or American vessels rarely touched; so that going to live there was to separate one's self almost entirely from civilized society, and dwell in the midst of half naked natives. But Dr. Bradley's faith was equal to the emergency, and with holy zeal he and his wife entered upon their life work - his, a long life work, hers only a decade of years. On the day of Mrs. Bradley's death some plants which she had carefully tended for a long time, suddenly put forth blossoms; these said her husband "were emblems of her immortal bloom."

Dr. Bradley's medical and surgical knowledge, proved a power in gaining the confidence not merely of the people, but of the King. For he had not been long in Bangkok before the Small-Pox broke out as an epidemic, slaying its thousands. Then it was, that by perseverance and determination, he demonstrated to the King and his cabinet the all-controlling power of vaccination over that terrible disease. Through this he was step by step received into the presence of the King, and thereby given greater liberties. Soon the natives flocked around him in multitudes as subjects for the healing art. Serious inflammation of the eyes being a disease peculiar to hot countries, attracted his special attention, so that with ample opportunities for that practice, he soon became a proficient in this department of medicine. His real mission was to save souls, and like the Master, he healed the sick and gave sight to the blind, as an opening wedge to their souls. For in the midst of all this practice of medicine he never omitted to speak a word for Christ, or to give a printed leaf of Bible or tract. Thus the truth was carried to the remotest portion of the kingdom - for Bangkok was its metropolis.

Dr. Bradley was obliged to live the life of faith so far as pertained to making converts of Siamese to Christianity. For he never witnessed but few of the vast multitude to which he had individual access, accept of the faith of the Gospel. But after the

first ten years of his labors among them, it became his most sanguine belief that he, in the providence of God, was appointed to sow the seed, from which others would reap an abundant harvest; and he was happy in so doing. His prediction has already been proving true; for since his death, not only at Bangkok but also in more remote provinces a number of mission chapels and schools have been organized and many of the natives have embraced the true Faith. Early in his life, Dr. Bradley established at Bangkok a printing press, which he personally ably managed all through his life. He also prepared a complete Dictionary of the Siamese language, which is now made use of exclusively throughout the kingdom.

Dr. Bradley first left this country for Siam in 1835, and returned to it in 1847. He remained about two years, visiting his friends, and laboring to inspire in the young the spirit of missions. He married the second time, and again turned his back on all that was near and dear to him in Marcellus, (for it was very dear to him,) and went again to his great work in the missionary field. During the latter half of his life in Siam, he became self-sustaining in his work, depending upon no society for his support. He acquired so great eminence as a physician, that finally he was employed by people of rank, and from them received pay for his services.

Although Dr. Bradley became an adopted son of Siam, making her interests his interests; yet he never ceased to feel for his own native land, or to be solicitous for her welfare when impending danger threatened her; so that in the time of our late Rebellion, he sent \$300. 00. to President Lincoln, to aid the government in rescuing our land from destruction. He had long been a friend to the black man, and rejoiced in this opportunity to express his friendship in dollars.

Dr. Bradley grew grey in the service to which he was called, but he did not lay off his armor until the messenger, Death, visited him in 1873. In order to bury him in a christian manner,

his own son had to superintend and assist in the making of the coffin. Thus ended Dan Bradley Jr.

What a glorious thought it is, that the soil of Siam contains and protects for the resurrection morn, the remains of one of Marcellus' brightest sons.

Among the early inhabitants was the Hon. Reuben Humphreys. He was born in 1757 (place of birth not known,) and became a resident of the town of Onondaga, four miles East of this village about 1801. Near the year 1811, he commenced making his summer residence in a house in this village, which was then, and for more than forty years after, called the Green house on account of its color. This is now occupied by Justus North, and stands a few rods West of its original site. Mr. Humphrey was evidently a man of more than ordinary ability, on account of the offices of trust and responsibility which he filled; for these offices in those days were only reached through ability and true merit; not as now very many times through intrigue and money. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Onondaga Co. (date not known,) and somewhere between the years of 1810 and 1820 he served as a member of the Legislature of this state, and also of the Congress of the United States. I have understood that he was given to eccentricities. One Sabbath, the choir in church sang a hymn to the tune of "Antigna," and it so disturbed the old gentleman in his peace of mind, that immediately after the services he met the choir, and by paying the chorister one dollar, obtained from them the promise that they would not sing it again in that church, so long as he should live. Thus it was always said that Judge Humphrey bought "Antigna." The choir lived up to their contract.

Mr. Humphrey died in 1832. His wife Anna was fully his equal in intellectual powers. She died in 1827 aged 68. Their household numbered thirteen - Father and Mother and eleven children - seven sons and four daughters.

The following are their names in the order of births: Guy,

Ann, Reuben, Gad, Sterne, May, Perintha, Helen, Eliza, Hugh and Sterne 2nd.

Guy was a merchant in this village, and died Dec. 2nd 1807 at the age of twenty-seven.

Gad held the office of Col. in the United States Army.

May was first a merchant in Philadelphia, afterwards a merchant in Liverpool, England, for eleven years, and then retired to New York for his old age, and died in 1866 aged 76.

Sterne 2nd entered the United States Navy at an early age, and died in 1856 aged 49.

Ann H. Leonard spent most of her life in this place and died June 11th 1850.

Eliza was the wife of Sandford C. Parker ; she died in Chicago and was buried in Baldwinsville.

This numerous family are all dead but Hugh. He pursued the mercantile business in this village for several years, and then removed to Philadelphia where he has ever since resided; a period of forty-four years.

Calvin Bingham was born in Bennington, Vt , Jan. 22nd 1784. In 1806 he came on horse-back to the town of Camillus, and purchased a tract of uncleared land situated on the line between this town and Camillus, about one mile West of Howlett Hill. Here he remained two years, cleared land, built a log house and then returned to Bennington, married a young lady by the name of Scott, (belonging to the line of old Gen. Scott,) packed their household goods in two sleighs, and returned to Camillus to live in the new log house. Not many years afterwards their log house suddenly burned down, and with it much of its contents except its inmates. For months following, their crockery being destroyed, they used new chips for their plates, which, like all misfortunes was not without its advantages, for it saved them the trouble of washing, wiping and setting away the dishes, after each meal ; also every table was furnished with a supply of new dishes, and at the end of the meal, the fire was replenished with fuel.

In 1828 Mr. Bingham removed on to our South Hill, where he resided through the remainder of his active life. Although the first twenty years, his residence was in the town of Camillas, yet his church associations were in this village, and with his numerous family, their acquaintance was so extensive among us here, that I have claimed the privilege of including himself and family in this history. Among his worthy and enterprising family of children, his oldest son Kinsley deserves a notice here on account of his prominence in public life. He was born Dec. 16th 1808. His boyhood and early manhood years were spent in alternate work and study; winters in school, summers on the farm. From the district school, he passed to the Academy in Onondaga Hollow, and thence to Bennington Vt. and afterwards taught a district school in his native town. He was admitted to the bar from the office of Jas. R. Lawrence of Camillas. In the spring of 1833 he settled upon a farm in Green Oak, Livingston Co. in the territory of Mich. there to cast his lot with those early settlers. He soon received the appointment of first Justice of the peace, first Postmaster and first Supervisor in that township. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the first Legislature under the state-constitution, and was re-elected five successive years; and during those years was three times elected speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1846 he was elected a member of Congress, and re-elected in 1848. In 1854 he was triumphantly elected governor of the state of Michigan. In 1856 he was re-elected by the largest majority ever given to any candidate in the state. In 1859 he was elected almost by acclamation to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States. He died at his home in Green-Oak, on the fifth of October, 1861, and I here quote the words of the Hon. Charles Sumner before the United States Senate, Dec. 10th 1861, on the occasion of his death.

“Mr. President, there are Senators who knew Mr. Bingham well while he was a member of the other House; I knew him well only when he became a member of this body. Our seats here were side

by side, and as he was constant in his attendance, I saw him daily. Our acquaintance soon became friendship, quickened by common sympathies, and confirmed by that bond, which, according to the ancient historian, is found in the *'idem sentire de republica.'* In his death I have lost a friend; but the sorrow of friendship is deepened when I think of the loss to our country." Farther on he says "such a Senator can be ill spared at this hour. His simple presence, his cheerful confidence, his genuine courage, his practical instincts, would help the great events which are now preparing; nay, which are at hand. But he still lives in his example, and speaks even from his tomb."

Mr. Bingham was a frequent visitor to this village and vicinity. He loved to survey the enchanted grounds of his earlier years, where were numerous relatives and friends. Those of us who knew him, hold him in pleasant remembrance.

We are proud to mention another name, illustrious among the great men of the nation — the late Hon. Nathan Kelsey Hall, whose birth place was this good old town of Marcellus. I am indebted for my information of Mr. Hall to Mr. Hiram Farnham, one of his school-mates. Ira Hall, the father of Nathan, worked the farm of Nathan Kelsey, on West hill, two miles from this village, and lived in the house with Mr. Kelsey. About the year 1808 Mrs. Hall gave birth to a son, the announcement of which to Mr. Kelsey, (who was an elderly man,) so delighted him, that he at once named the boy Nathan Kelsey, after himself.

Mrs. Hall soon died, whether at the birth of young Nathan, or a short time after is not known. In a few years Mr. Hall removed to the extreme Western part of this state, but his son Nathan, by the earnest solicitation of Mr. Kelsey was left behind, and adopted by him to enjoy all the benefits of a son. Old Mr. Kelsey was a most excellent man, and this little boy was the pride of his heart, and as he grew up proved to be the crown of his old age. He, like other boys, enjoyed the healthy influence of farm life, as such life was among these old New-England sons; and was

not enervated in mind or body by illness and profusion of this world's goods.

This boy Nathan soon proved himself to be possessed of more than ordinary powers of mind. Notwithstanding this, he entered into all the pleasant innocent sports of boyhood's years, carefully shunning the vicious sports, so that he was beloved by his associates. After receiving the advantages of the district school in winters for a period of years, he was sent to the Academy at Onondaga Hollow to complete his education. From there, when about eighteen or nineteen years of age, he made a tour into the Western part of the state, near to his father's home, and soon procured a situation as teacher in a country district school. He continued teaching several terms, and then entered the law office of Millard Fillmore, in Buffalo, to make law his profession. Mr. Hall soon became a proficient in law, and so gratified Mr. Fillmore that he received him as a partner. When Mr. Fillmore became President of the United States, he appointed Mr. Hall to the office of Post-Master General; and before he left the office of President, he secured for him the office of Judge of the Supreme Court for the Northern District. This he held until his death.

Mr. Hall was one of those rare men, whose integrity is undoubted. He visited this place sometimes yearly, and was happy in rambling over the grounds of his boyhood's years, and in calling upon the few that were left of that former generation.

He did honor to his beloved adopted father, by placing a valuable monument over his grave.

It is pleasant for us to think that such men as Judge Hall and others, whose individual lives we have been considering, had their birth and early years in our town.

Among the Pioneers was Robert McCulloch. His father emigrated from Ireland to Pelham, Mass. where his son Robert was born in Oct. 1759. Robert came to this place 1805 or 1806, and finally owned and occupied the farm on which he died at the advanced age of ninety-seven. One strange fact belongs to the life

of Mr. McCulloch - he never was sick. He used to boast that thus far he never had been laid by a day on account of illness, and that no physician had ever been called to see him, and these proved true to the last; for, he fell headlong down the cellar stairs and was instantly killed. A physician was summoned, yet it was but to look upon his dead body. Mr. McCulloch was temperate in everything, a very pleasant man, scrupulously honest, and desirous to perform manual labor every day of his life except on Sunday.

Seth Dunbar, was born in Bridgewater, Mass. He first came here in 1801, and walked, carrying a pack on his back and an axe. Was of Scotch descent, and learned the trade of making spinning wheels, both large and small, for which he served seven years. He first owned the Humphrey Casé farm five years, then sold and bought the place where he ever after resided. He died in Dec. 1865. His wife Mrs. Anna Dunbar was born in 1770, and died at the advanced age of 94. She was fully entitled to live to an extremely advanced age, for of the thirteen children that composed her mother's family, twelve of them lived to be over seventy, most all over eighty, and two of them over ninety.

Jesse Kellogg was born in Hartford, Conn. in 1758. In 1800 he came to Skaneateles and bought the mills at that village; and in 1807 removed on to the farm now owned by Obadiah Thorn. He afterwards purchased the farm called the Loomis farm on our East hill, where he resided until his death in 1811. Fannie Kellogg Warren died at Newburgh aged ninety-four. Sylvia Kellogg the mother of William J. Machan lived here and died at an advanced age. Susan Kellogg Chase says that she first went to school in a log school-house south of the gulf, on the road leading to Daniel Platt's.

John R. Kellogg was born in New-Hartford in 1791. After reaching adult years he resided in this village until 1836, when he removed to Allegan, Mich. where he lived to a good old age. Mr. Kellogg possessed an enterprising spirit, and while here did

much to promote the cause of education, and to sustain religious institutions. After removing to Michigan, he continued to manifest the same interest in the public good. He was a member of the Michigan Legislature while it was yet a territory; and lived many years after it became a state, to witness and enjoy its prosperity, which he and other pioneers had long labored to produce.

That part of the town called Shepard Settlement, derived its title from the name of a number of families who were first there. John Shepard located there in 1796, and his brothers—Andrew, Joseph and Hull came several years later. They were enterprising, active farmers, and we are sorry to say that but one family of the name of Shepard now remains in that neighborhood. This is Edward Shepard, a son of John Shepard.

Joseph Taylor who died some twenty years ago, was a marked character in his day. He was a person of strong and well-balanced mind. With but a moderate amount of school education, he nevertheless wielded an influence here, that few educated men could surpass. Being blunt and rough in his address, his first appearance to a stranger would be somewhat repulsive. But his kind and generous heart would soon win the confidence of even strangers, and then his eccentricities would no longer be a source of terror, but often of great amusement. The outlines of his face were very strong. His eyes were bright and penetrating, but very much shaded under long thick eyebrows. There was something about his external appearance that gave him a tiger look, when really he was but a *sheep in wolf's clothing*.

No man in private life was so extensively known as Joseph Taylor. He was a merchant here for a long period of years, and the earlier part of that time was the main dealer in pork, beef and grain; so that he made this village a market place not only for this but for surrounding towns. He was one of those tradesmen so peculiar in his manners that he attracted customers. When a man came to his store from a distance, or near by he always wanted to see "Jo" Taylor! And if "Jo" was in town, he would

have no trouble in finding him, for he frequented his own place of business.

Mr. Taylor won very great popularity as a pettifogger. By his sagacity he was the terror of many a well-read lawyer. In the last years of his life, through misfortune, his property became much reduced, and he accepted the appointment of constable. He made a famous collector of private debts. He once informed the writer, that his success in collecting bad debts was owing to his manner of approaching an individual; if he was what was termed a hard individual, he would manage to come upon him so abruptly and bluntly, that the man would be frightened into paying his debt, and these, of course, would be cases that the law could not reach. To another class of men his address would be so acceptable as to lead to no embarrassment.

For several years he was one of the proprietors of the woolen factory in this village.

Mr. Taylor was sympathizing to those in distress, and never turned the poor away empty.

The township of Marcellus, as it was originally made up of one hundred lots, one mile square, included within its boundaries as interesting a portion of country, for sublimity and beauty of scenery, and fertility of soil as can be found in the state. Its water and land views are not to be surpassed.

One beautiful lake, Otisco, and nearly the whole of another, Skaneateles, are among its possessions. It is a land of hills and valleys, full of springs of water, and besides the two lakes, several creeks and innumerable brooks. The prevailing woods of the forests are Beech, Maple and Oak on the hills, and Hemlock in the valleys. There is no hill-top so high, or valley so low as not to be productive. The township is naturally divided into three great valleys, their general direction being North-West and South-East. Besides the slope of these hills into the valleys, two of the valleys themselves, the Skaneateles Creek valley, and that of the Marcellus Creek make a descent in their whole course of several hundred

feet, consequently the soil over this region is very free from morasses. Skaneateles lake is on an elevation of nearly two-hundred feet greater than Otiseo lake.

That portion of Marcellus now called Skaneateles, is "beautiful for situation," and in the summer months presents an enchanting appearance. The land on both sides of the lower two-thirds of the lake, rises from the water's edge in so moderate a slope, to the distance of from a half mile to a mile, as to give to the lake, when calm, the appearance of a sea of silver. The upper part of the lake has bold shores rising to the height of five or six hundred feet giving the water a darker shade.

But Otiseo lake nestled in among the hills of a thousand feet in height, is the perfection of beauty and loveliness. These hills slope to its water's edge with a steady descent, giving the lake a very interesting appearance.

A Swiss man by the name of J. R. Hoesli, now deceased, once informed the writer, that when a young man, he came to America and made his residence in New York city for twenty years. Becoming sick of city life, and retaining a strong attachment for the scenery of the home of his youth, by the side of a lake in Switzerland, he started in search among the lakes of our Northern States, for one that should bear the closest resemblance to his home lake. After visiting great numbers of them, both in Northern New England and in this State, he finally came to Otiseo lake; and the moment his eyes rested on its waters, with its surrounding scenery, he felt that his strongest desires had been granted him - that here was his sweet Swiss lake. At the time Mr. Hoesli gave me this information, he had already resided on its Eastern shore for nearly twenty years, in possession of several acres of land under the highest state of cultivation; a portion of which was devoted to a vineyard containing twenty-five varieties of grapes in a very fruitful condition, besides trees of Apples, Pears, Peaches and Plums in a high state of perfection.

Mr. Hoesli was a man of superior endowments of mind and culture. Was a first-class Civil Engineer; having received a medal from one of the crowned heads of Europe, as an insignia of his services in that department. He exhibited a thorough knowledge of Chemistry, and particularly as applied to Agriculture. Here on the shore of this lovely sheet of water, in retirement, he gratified the natural taste of his life in reading, writing and pursuing the study of the sciences, and in the supervision of his vineyard.

For a man of such tastes and refinement, originating from that part of Europe most visited by travelers on account of its unparalleled sublimity of scenery; to have made a selection for his home of Otisco Lake, for its striking resemblance to his home lake in old Switzerland; certainly conferred an honor upon that region of country, to say nothing of the romance leading through all his course, that other lakes might well covet.

His remains with those of his wife are deposited in a little cemetery within sound of the waters of his choice, which are ever murmuring a requiem to their departed.

Otisco Lake with its lofty hills, besides attracting to its shores such a man as Hoesli to spend his latter days, is always exerting more or less influence upon a certain class of minds living in its vicinity in their earlier years. The tendency is to lead them upward in their purposes and resolutions.

Such an one was Wyllys Gaylord. Although not born in Otisco, but in Connecticut; still from the age of nine years until nearly the time of his death, a period of forty years, his residence was on a lofty hill two miles East of the Lake. A true son of nature, year by year living in its beauty and grandeur, his mind, with these influences and those of the Bible, took on proportions of character and taste, which were in complete harmony with all his surroundings. Although his opportunities for education were nothing more than those which the District school afforded, yet possessing an investigating mind, he sought knowledge in every-

thing that presented, whether books or nature. Then in accordance with a great law of nature, constantly receiving must sooner or later give rise to imparting. Wyllys began to pour forth through the pen, his effusions both in poetry and prose. His contributions to all departments of literature, were almost endless. Many times he wrote prize essays and was rewarded by premiums.

Ever after he was twelve years of age, Mr. Gaylord was deformed, the result of spinal disease; and seldom did he experience perfect health. Always living on a farm, and possessing a great relish for that kind of life, gave him ample opportunities to learn thoroughly the science of Agriculture, and from this mine, he continued to pour forth into the two great agricultural papers of his day, (the *Genesee Farmer* and *Albany Cultivator*,) an amount of practical knowledge which probably contributed more to raise the standard of farming throughout this state to the condition that it is this day, than that of any other writer with the exception of Judge Bradley. He also made valuable contributions to some of the most popular magazines in Europe.

It was his custom frequently to visit the lake, and sit upon its shores in profound meditation; undoubtedly one of his methods for gaining inspiration to enable him to proceed successfully in his writings. Dr. F. H. Bangs informs me that Mr. Gaylord was a frequent visitor at his office in Amber, and that he borrowed books of him, and became quite accomplished in some departments of medicine. Dr. Bangs used to make a practice of calling upon Mr. Gaylord when in that part of the town, expressly to indulge in a feast of soul.

Mr. E. P. Howe whose birth and early years were in Otisco, says that "Mr. Gaylord excelled as a naturalist, and would interest listeners by the day, in recounting the observations he had made upon the habits and modes of development, in a great variety of insects etc. Also he was a natural mechanic, made palm leaf hats, bound books and made guns. He built an organ upon which he played some time." The writer

always remembers with joy his being, when a boy, at the house where Wyllys Gaylord lived, and seeing his beaming face when engaged in conversation, and hearing his melodious voice. At that time he had just completed his organ, and played upon it with all the enthusiasm of the maker.

Mr. Gaylord was a true and humble christian. A shining light. Beloved by all in life, mourned by all in death, which occurred in March 1844, when in his fifty first year. Again we bid adieu to another of old Marcellus' finest sons.

Across the road from Wyllys Gaylord's home, was the birth-place and the home of two other boys - twins - who became eminent in the literary world. Their names were Willis Gaylord Clark and Lewis Gaylord Clark. Their mother and the mother of Wyllys Gaylord were sisters. They were born in 1810. Mr. E. P. Howe has kindly taken pains to find and furnish me material concerning these persons. He says that "Willis was a poet as well as a prose writer. A distinguished writer speaks thus of his style 'Mr. Clark's distinguishing traits are tenderness, pathos and melody. In style and sentiment he is wholly original, but if he resembles any writer it is Mr. Bryant. His poetry in style is gentle, solemn and tender. * * * * * No man however cold can resist the winning and natural sweetness and melody of the tone of piety that pervades his poems.' For several years and at the time of his death, he was Editor and Proprietor of the Philadelphia Gazette.

Lewis was for twenty-five years the chief Editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine. His biographer questions seriously his gaining a single enemy during that whole time. In that period he became acquainted personally or by correspondence with the most eminent writers of his own country and Great Britain. The brothers Clark may be mentioned as examples of amiable as well as gifted men."

Willis died in Philadelphia about twenty-five years ago, and Lewis at Piermont on the Hudson, some five or six years since.

Here were three great literary men, who alike in their youthful years, breathed in the invigorating air of these lofty hills, and we may well suppose they received inspiration for their pen, through their companionship with these hills and lakes, which they could not have obtained from any other kind of scenery.

But I will here introduce still another of those interesting intelligences, proving by her very productions, that the hills and lakes had largely to do in giving direction to her thoughts, whose birth and home was by the side of the beautiful waters of the Otisco Lake. This was Caroline Congdon. Her father died when she was quite young, leaving her mother with means so limited, as to require the exercise of economy and industry, to take care of her little family of five children. At the age of thirteen, Caroline was laid on a bed of sickness, which resulted in her being permanently disabled for the upright posture. Here on this bed her mind gave forth through the pencil (for she was too weak to hold a pen.) sweet thoughts in poems, from which I will quote just enough to show how completely her soul was woven in with the scenery around her. In speaking of her seclusion she says;

‘I had a lingering wish sometimes,
To see the waving woods: I missed the sight
Of all the greenness of our rugged hills,
And the pure beauty of the white-waved lake,
Which nestles in their arms.’

Again in a poem entitled Meame:

‘Night on the wild – and lone, and deep!
The wind hath rocked the wave to sleep;
The wolf’s stern howl is heard no more,
The dark canoe rests on the shore;
The stars gaze on the lonely scene,
Gleaming the forest boughs between;
Through the long aisles, all cold and white,
Glitters the pale moon’s holy light;
And soft and still, the light is shed

And silence reigns as of the dead.
 Yet list! upon the glassy lake,
 Doth some light oar the stillness break?
 Ah swiftly there a small bark glides,
 Flinging the white spray from its sides;
 Who comes through pale moonlight and shade?
 'Tis Meane, the Indian maid."

Again she says:

" My Country, Oh, my Country,
 I love thy towering hills,
 Thy richly waving forests,
 Laced by a thousand rills."

Undoubtedly there are many persons in such a region, who are incited to lofty thoughts and aspirations by the scenery around them, that are not known outside of their own souls.

It is often a wonder to the writer, when passing over those lofty hills, which enclose such a gem of waters, that all persons whose homes are there, are not in their thoughts led "from nature up to nature's God."

The first settlements of Otisco were made by men of character and high standing, principally from Massachusetts; and they left their impress on society, as, one by one, they were removed by death. Such men as the Bakers, Merrimans, Cowles, Pomeroy's, Barkers, Parsons, Clarks, Hotchkiss, Parent, Danforth, Rust, French, Clapp, Swan, Case, Ross and many others, whose names do not now appear to me, are household words throughout that town to the present day.

The lives of those men make up the true history of that town, for its first fifty years. The religious society called the Congregational Church, was one of the largest, and perhaps the largest of any in Onondaga County. They were a great church going people, and the influence of that practice was felt throughout the bounds of the town. During the last twenty-five years, the old homes have been changing occupants, and are largely filled by another

class of inhabitants.

St. John's Episcopal Church of this village, was organized Feb. 8th 1824, and services were held by the church in the upper room of the old School-House, (which stood in the rear of the old Presbyterian church,) until about the year 1837, when a church was erected on the corner of Main St. and the street leading to the Falls. This building was destroyed by fire in Dec. 1866. A new edifice supplied its place in 1869. The Rev. Augustus L. Converse was present at its organization in 1824, and the following persons were elected as its officers;

WARDENS.

Harvey Andrews,

Caleb Cowles.

VESTRYMEN.

Dr. Richard L. Davis.

Zebina Moses.

Leonard Blanchard.

David C. Earl.

John Herring.

Zera Shepard.

Gad Curtis.

Austin Godard.

The Rev. Amos Pardee was elected as the first Rector, Dec. 1st 1825 and continued for two or three years. He was followed by Algernon S. Hollister in 1829, who filled the office until 1833 when the Rev. Joseph T. Clarke became the Rector. The Rev. Seth W. Beardsley succeeded in about 1836, and afterwards Rev. Joseph T. Clark again took charge of the Parish. About the year 1840 the Rev. Thomas I. Ruger was made Rector, and remained until 1844, when he resigned and removed to the Par-West. He was followed by Rev. Charles Seymour, who divided his time between this parish and that of Jordan, for one year. In about 1846, Rev. Beardsley Northrop began to officiate in this church half the time for one or two years. Then followed in 1849 Rev. Spencer M. Rice who also divided his time between this and the Jordan Parish. In 1851 Rev. D. F. Warren came and remained one year. Rev. Edward Moises stationed at Skaneateles, officiated from time to time in 1866.

The Rev. Thomas Ruger was particularly noticeable among

this list of worthy men. There are many of us who remember him with interest. He was a man of great ability and very acceptable to all classes of people, of every denomination. He united with the Rev. Mr. Hall a Methodist minister (eminent for his scholarship) and Rev. Mr. Parsons, in giving a long course of lectures on the evidences of the inspiration of the Bible. These lectures were delivered as a third service, Sabbath afternoons, in the Presbyterian church, and invariably before large audiences. Acting thus together they proved the strength of a three-fold cord. The influence of these lectures was powerful in correcting sceptical views throughout the community.

Mr. Ruger taught a select school in the upper room of the School-House, to aid him in the support of his family. Being a classical scholar, and a capable and pleasant teacher, he was thoroughly sustained in this department, as well as in the pulpit. When he removed to Wisconsin, this village met with a serious loss.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of this town was organized in 1823, at the house of Stephen Cobb, and was called the First Zion Society of Marcellus. A Methodist class had, however, been formed as early as 1816, and was composed of the following persons, viz. David Holmes and wife, Temperance Holmes, Matilda Holmes, Susan Holmes, Thomas Prior and wife, Joseph Gilson, Isaac B. Benham and wife, Polly Shepard, Silas Bush and wife, John Rhoades and wife, and a Mrs. Hawley.

The precise time of the erection of their first church is not known. It was a stone building on the hill West of this village, now used as the Roman Catholic cemetery. It was without a steeple and was called a Chapel. The hill was known as the "Methodist Hill" until the Cemetery was laid out upon it. A path ran up through the field on its East side, trodden by those who walked to church from this direction. It was an interesting spectacle when ever the services closed, to see the long procession steady themselves down that steep declivity. About the year 1830 this

edifice was pulled down; the stones removed down into the village, and rebuilt very much after the same form and manner. Its site was the ground just across the street, South of the present church edifice. In front of the building, and between its doors stood a large tree, a Balm of Gilead, which Dr. Chapman set out about a quarter of a century before. When the church was on the hill the pulpit stood between the front doors, and also when it was first erected in the village, but after a series of years, on repairing the building it was placed in the opposite end. In 1857 the society built a new church of brick, excepting the basement which was of stone from the old structure. This is the present church.

In Jan. 1819 a third Presbyterian church was organized on the State Road about five miles south-east of this village. It was called the third church because it was that number in the order of organization. This church in the village was first, the church in Skaneateles village the second, and that on the State Road the third.

Skaneateles did not become a separate town from Marcellus until Feb. 26th 1830. Before that time the name Skaneateles merely applied to the lake and village.

Twenty-six members were dismissed from the Presbyterian church of this village, to form the third church. It was a prosperous society for about twenty years, when death and emigration to the West, so reduced and enfeebled it, that it expired about 1850. The small number of houses which formerly clustered around the old meeting-house, have since assumed the name of *Bumble Bee City*.

The Universalists formed a society in 1820; and called it the First Universalist Society of the town of Marcellus. Its trustees were Dr. Bildad Beach, Samuel Johnson and Chester Clark.

Our Irish population, now so numerous, appeared among us in 1834, in the person of John McNalley. In 1837 three or four families separated themselves from the company who had been engaged in building our Rail-Road Embankment, and located

themselves in the North-East portion of our town. There were but few, if any, accessions to their number until about 1848, when emigration from Ireland to this country swelled to a tide on account of the starvation among its poorer inhabitants, and numbers of them found homes in Marcellus. From almost total ignorance and poverty, they have become, through our liberal schools and liberal laws, a very useful and much respected portion of our population. With the exception of a few families, who enjoyed some advantages for education in Ireland, their first life here was in simple shanties, and their board of the most humble fare. Now many of them count among our best and most wealthy farmers, and live in our finest houses.

Their first religious services were held in 1853 at the house of John McNally, and in 1854 a church of about twenty members was organized, and called the Church of St. Francis Xavier. Services were held for many years in the second story of the old corner Tavern, which was purchased by the society. On this site the present fine church edifice was built in 1867. Their pastors have been Rev. Michael Haes, Rev. Wm. McCallian, Rev. — Butler, Rev. F. J. Purcell, Rev. J. J. Hayden and Rev. J. McDonnough who still remains. The last two have been the only resident pastors.

The church numbers one hundred and fifty families, many of them however are not residents of this town.

During the last six or eight years many of them have expressed much interest in the cause of temperance. Some years since numbers of them organized themselves into an instrumental band for music, for the improvement of which, they have exhibited indomitable perseverance and energy.

We are now, as a nation, celebrating the Fourth of July, the one-hundredth time. Probably there are none living now, who celebrated it intelligently one hundred years ago. But there was a large class of persons who gave additional interest to the occasion then, who now are absent, and whose place in this national

festivity will never be filled by them again. I refer to the old Revolutionary Soldiers who survived the war. Whenever this anniversary was observed in this village, these veterans were sure to be gathered in from all over the town, and in the earlier years they amounted to a numerous and imposing company. Their place of gathering was at one of the taverns. At the appointed hour they would form into line under the direction of an officer, and carrying the colors, would be led by martial music – the fifes and drums and sometimes a bugle – up and down this village, keeping perfect time with the beat of the drum, and finally would be escorted to the old meeting-house on the site of which we are now gathered, and would occupy the body seats of the house, which were then called slips. Here they would listen to the same Declaration of Independence, which has been read to us this morning, and which, no doubt, they more thoroughly understood, than it is possible for us; and then to an oration which would so recount and picture the scenes of the war, that their hearts would thrill with patriotism and pride at having been actors in that great event, the American Revolution. This occasion would be richly interspersed with music adapted to the occasion, performed by a large choir, and the whole service having been opened with a prayer, would also be closed with a prayer, and that a patriotic prayer, full of recognition of the Divine power displayed in the preservation of our nation.

Then these veterans filed out of the house first, in advance of all others, and again marched the length of the village, ending at the Tavern, where, either in the door-yard or ball-room, they sat down around a long table loaded with the good things of the land. Near the close of the dinner they would commence giving their toasts. On the announcement of each toast, a signal being given, a field-piece stationed on the Methodist Hill poured forth its volley in response to the toast.

As years rolled along that company of veterans began to lessen in number, each succeeding year increasing the diminution, so

that by about the year 1840 they ceased entirely to appear upon this occasion. Although they were not all dead at that date, yet those who were left were so disabled by extreme age, as rendered them unfit to be present. It was sad in those latter years, to see on the Fourth, their diminished number, showing thereby that Death was surely doing his work; and their decrepit forms the result of a life of severe service, that the times in which they had lived, had imposed upon them. They were invariably stiffened in one or more parts of the body; some were bowed over almost double, others limped on one leg while occasionally there would be one walking with crutches. These were all that were left of those who fought our battles for freedom, through that long seven years war of the Revolution. We loved them for what they had done for us, and the memory of them is ever precious with us. It was pleasant to see their old age made happy year by year, by the payment of a pension of ninety-six dollars; a snug little sum that helped to make many an old man and woman comfortable through the long winter seasons.

In those earlier days the Fourth of July morning was heralded by the firing of as many guns at sunrise, as there were states in the Union, and this was all done in perfect order and safety, from the Methodist Hill-top. No placing a field piece or any piece smaller, down in our street, to sweep the street indiscriminately!

Prior to 1846 there was another day, which was akin to the Fourth of July, because it was a product of the Revolution. I mean the "General Training" day. On a certain day of every year, a regiment would assemble, alternately in this village and in Skaneateles, all "armed and equipped as the law directs," for the purpose of military drill and parade.

These regimental drills occurred day by day, succeeding each other until all the regiments in the Brigade had been successively inspected by the Brigadier General. With the movements of the Brigadier General and his aids, from one General Training place

to another, there followed a perfect caravan of peddlers, truckers and all sorts of people, who would arrange themselves, early in the morning of that famous day, in convenient places about the village, and when arranged gave the village the appearance of a great Bazaar. Then soon would begin to come from all directions those seemingly endless streams of people, who were to make up the various actors and spectators of the day. When once together, they numbered their thousands.

This occasion was always about the middle of September. In this Bazaar were numerous stands affording refreshments. Their various dishes were too numerous to mention; but no stand was complete without stacks of gingerbread and pumpkin pies. Also a barrel of new cider would protrude its tapped end out of the front or rear end of the wagon. Such constant patronage as was given to these places from morning till night, none here but those of us who were boys in those days, can fully realize. In the different establishments were all manner of wares for sale; and as the day drew towards a close, their sales would become more and more active, until finally, when the regiment was dismissed, the whole village became a perfect Babel, by the auctioneering going on from all of these places at the same time. Those salesmen seemed determined to clean out what they had by night; and the consequence was, that those who had patience to wait would finally make purchases at a great advantage. It was interesting to witness the departure of the crowd for their homes, which, though at first somewhat gradual, would finally become a regular breaking up; and every street leading from the village would exhibit an array of vehicles, loaded with men and newly purchased wares; men and horses alike in haste.

I must not close the description of this day without a few words about the military portion of it. With the exception of an independent company of sixty, called the Rifle Company, the others were denominated Bare-foot and Flood-wood companies. Probably these names may have been given to them, on account of the

striking contrast they presented to the Rifle Company, which was a trim, beautiful company of select men, with dress in uniform of a dark grey suit; pants with a black stripe running down the outside of the leg; dress coat single breasted, with one row of bright military buttons set closely together, extending from the waist to the neck, and a stiff straight collar, with three or four parallel stripes of yellow tinsel lace extending around its whole length; there were also two stripes of the same extending over each shoulder, and around the cuffs of the sleeves. A tall beaver hat, with a thin brass plate, adorned with figures, and a little larger than a man's hand, fastened on the front of it, and from behind this plate, and apparently growing out of the top of it, was a tall bushy red feather.

Each man carried a first class rifle, in complete order, and a powder flask suspended from a belt fastened around his waist. Their first captain was Myron L. Mills, after him was Hervey Rhoades, and succeeding Mr. Rhoades was the present Sydney M. Cook of Camillus. I have never seen a company since then, that appeared more complete in every respect than did this company; and if I am not mistaken, there would not have been many exceptions taken to them if they could have presented themselves on the parade ground at West Point. Every man possessed a pride for his company, and delighted to drill and be drilled. When they moved it was at the tap of the drum, and as one man.

Occasionally this company assembled on the Fourth of July for the purpose of escorting and doing honor to the old veterans.

But the Flood-wood companies, although made up of men like the Rifle company, had the appearance of having emanated from some dark region of the earth, on account of the utter carelessness manifested by a portion of them, in dress and personal appearance. Having no uniform, every man was dressed to meet his own views of taste and comfort, so that when formed into one body as a regiment, and marching either in the field, or to and from the field, the rifle company invariably at the head of the

regiment, there was very much the appearance of dazzling light leading hideous darkness. The Flood-wood company were equipped with a musket and its bayonet; a cartridge box hanging by one side and a bayonet sheath by the other, each suspended by a strap passing over the opposite shoulder.

Although on company training day, (which was always on the first Monday of September,) there were many departures in the Flood-wood companies, from the regulations of the day; nevertheless, on the "General Muster" day order prevailed, for the scrutiny of the higher officers peculiar to this day, was such that whoever ventured to violate rules was sure to be returned to Court Martial, and there to meet with a retribution, which destroyed all desire ever afterwards to repeat the misdemeanor.

About the year 1843 a second independent company of sixty young men was organized in this regiment, who also did honor to the regiment, as well as to themselves. Their uniform I do not sufficiently hold in remembrance to warrant a description. Although fine, it was not as attractive as that worn by the Rifle Company. Training days being soon over deprived this company of the opportunity of making much history for itself.

But I must close this discription, for if I were to attempt to picture out all that was interesting on that day, more time would be required, than would be proper on this occasion.

On this Centennial day it would be gratifying, had we a centenarian in all our population within the bounds of our original town, to bring before you in discourse if we could not in person, for reason of decrepitude of age, but we are unable thus to do. However, next to that, I will take the liberty to introduce to you two individuals who are so near to becoming centenarians that we may regale ourselves upon them, almost as though they were. These are Mrs. Polly Stewart Birdwell and Mrs. Esther Sherman Northrup.

Mrs. Birdwell was born at East-Haddam, Conn. Aug. 19th 1776; so that she is close on to one hundred years; only lacking

forty-six days to complete her centenary round. She was the daughter of one of the men of those days, who were thoroughly inspired by the wonderful events then transpiring. He fought in our battles for independence, and was a soldier through most all of the war of the Revolution. At the age of twenty-six she was married to Zenus Bardwell at Belchertown, Mass. and resided there until 1813, when they removed to the town of Otisco, where she still resides. Mrs. Bardwell kept house until she was eighty-one, when she consented to live with her worthy son Mr. William Bardwell. At the age of ninety-six she expressed a wish to spend her remaining days with her daughter, Mrs. Jacob P. Clark, which was granted her, and there she now lives. She is the mother of nine children, (the oldest living is now seventy-five,) the grandmother of thirty-three, the great grand mother of thirty-five, and the great, great grand mother of one.

I am happy to say that she is in the comfortable possession of her mental and physical powers. Her general health is good, and as a rule she has thus far in life made herself useful day by day. She attends to all the arrangements of her own room, besides aiding in the lighter household duties. Thus far she is in no way cumbersome. Being intelligent and possessed of a cheerful disposition, besides having added thereto something which is rare in extreme age – beauty of face – she is really an ornament to her home. She has been a devoted member of the Congregational Church in Otisco since 1831.

Mrs. Northrup was born Oct. 3rd 1778. Although not so old by two years as Mrs. Bardwell, still the difference even of two years at that great age is hardly perceptible to us in our imaginations. However there is a real advantage that Mrs. Bardwell possesses over Mrs. Northrup, in the fact that in speaking of her age we may use the numbers one hundred, for although she is not one hundred years old, yet she is in her one-hundredth year. I wish that we had before us in this house, those two venerable ladies, that we might hurrah over them, and cry, God save our

only two remaining Revolutionary Mothers, until they shall number one hundred years old !

As Mrs. Northrup's lineage has been carefully kept, it will be interesting to recite it at this time. This lineage dates back as far as 1634, when her ancestor Samuel Sherman with his brother John, and his cousin John, and also his intended, Sarah Michel, came from Dedham, Essex Co. England to America. Samuel and wife settled in Stratford, Conn. Samuel had eight sons and one daughter. One of these sons, Benjamin, had seven sons. One of these, Job, had four sons. One of these, John, had five sons and four daughters. One of these, Daniel, had two sons and five daughters. One of these daughters - Esther - is our present Mrs. Esther Sherman Northrup.

The original Samuel Sherman of 1634 is also the ancestor of Gen. W. T. Sherman.

Mrs. Northrup is the mother of our townsman Joel G. Northrup. She was born in Zoar Parish, town of Newtown, Fairfield Co. Conn. She was married to Hezekiah Northrup in 1803, in the town of Bethlehem, Litchfield Co; in 1804 removed to Woodbridge, New-Haven Co. Removed to Cortland, N. Y. in 1828 and to Marcellus in 1858, where she now lives with her son, Joel. Her general health is good. She is an old lady of strong mind, and her memory is very retentive, being able to repeat a great number of hymns that she committed to memory in her earlier years. Her attachment to her son Joel is so great, that she depends upon him by day and by night, as her stay and her staff. Although this is a great tax upon the time and strength of Mr. Northrup, still he is ever cheerful in making sacrifices for the comfort of his mother.

During the years of 1834, 35 and 36 there was a great emigration of our population to the then Territory of Michigan. It was an era in the history of our town. Then for the first time did the descendents of the old families begin to sell their inheritance in the old town of Marcellus, to strangers. It was a great breaking

up time among the people; a going to and fro from family to family, to inquire of those who had returned from the exploring visits to the West, of that goodly land Michigan. It was an interest not confined simply to the young men, but it was a general stir-up of the inhabitants; old and young, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, were alike aroused. Every man's farm was for sale to all appearance; although this was not the truth, but so many of them were for sale as to give rise to that idea. And yet on our South Hill it proved to be almost literally true, for the neighborhood was almost entirely cleaned out. And a valuable class of people they were too; no neighborhood was their superior

Several of these families chartered a canal boat to carry them as far as Buffalo. And here I will mark an incident in their journey, worthy of record. When Saturday night came, they stopped at a village to remain until Monday morning. All attended church on the Sabbath, except a few who were needed to take charge of the boat. A regard for the sacredness of the Sabbath that few of the present day appreciate!

These families settled in Pontiac, Oakland Co. Mich. But Marcellus sent emigrants very largely to St. Joseph's Co. and these were principally from South Marcellus. Ann-Arbor, Ypsilanti, Jackson, Allegan, Detroit, Flint, Saginaw and the surrounding country have their share from Marcellus. It required a week to go to Detroit; the landing place for all. Four days on our canal and two or three on the lake.

Many became sick in making their prospecting tour, and that sickness was denominated the Michigan Fever. However these cases of sickness were not so much attributable to the influence of Michigan malaria, as they were to the course pursued by the individuals themselves. So much excitement and enthusiasm attended their journeys that they moved on quite regardless of the laws of health. For instance one company from this place made up of both young men, and men in middle life, on arriving at

Detroit started on foot for Ann-Arbor, a distance of forty miles; and as forty miles had always been considered a common day's journey for travelers with horses, they seemed to have forgotten that they were not horses, and one and all determined to make the distance in one day. And they proved equal to the task, so far as accomplishing it; but what a company of individuals they presented that night on their arrival, and for days, and, in the case of some of them, for weeks following. All were unable to use their feet the next day; swelled legs, sore feet, and headaches were the order of the following days, and with one of their number it proved the beginning of a slow fever, with which he died after his return to Marcellus. Another became so disheartened, that on his recovery, he returned immediately to Marcellus, so disgusted with Michigan that he never went back.

It is worthy of notice that all who made their homes in Michigan at that period, have almost without exception done well, and proved an honor to the town of their nativity.

The first four months of the year 1836 are ever memorable as the "Winter of the Deep Snow." The snow storm began Thursday night, January 7th and continued without any cessation until the Monday morning following, a period of eighty-four hours.

I will here introduce a few items pertaining to this storm from the diary of the Rev. Levi Parsons.

"Friday, January 8th. Began to snow last night and continued all day; now quite deep.

Sat. 9th. The snow continued to fall all day. Doctor Beach had a shed fall by the weight of snow, which killed a cow.

Sab. 10th. Continued to snow all day. Had no public worship. The first time that it has been omitted here, on account of the weather, since I came into this place. It was omitted one or two Sabbaths about twenty years ago, owing to the prevalence of Small Pox.

Mon. Jan. 11th. It has pretty much ceased snowing, and has fallen to the depth of four feet. Teams are out breaking the

roads. The sheds of the Methodist church were crushed by the snow. The western stage arrived about night; not any stage before since Saturday. The eastern had not come in at sunset; the last of that was Saturday evening. Ther. 28 deg. above zero.

Tues. Jan. 12th. The eastern stage came in, in the afternoon. The roads are beginning to be passable.

Jan. 25th. Snowed most of the night, and till afternoon today - a fall of one and a half feet, and now is quite deep, roads very bad, little traveling.

Sab. April 3rd. Roads so bad on account of the depth of snow, and in a thawing state, that many could not come to meeting with their horses."

The storms of snow were so frequent all through the winter, that not merely the depth of four feet was retained in spite of the settling by its own weight, and by thawing, but a depth of nearly five feet was reached. Ordinary fences were buried entirely from sight. As the sunny days of Spring appeared, with their freezing nights, the snow finally became so hardened, that in the forenoon of each day succeeding a freezing night, it would bear up a team with its loaded sleigh, any where about the fields.

There was a young man who, at that time became so interested in this compacted condition of the snow, that in drawing wood every forenoon, on his way to and from the woods, he would drive hither and thither about the farm, through this field and that field, over this fence and that, (or rather, where the fences were, as they were not to be seen,) not merely for convenience, but also that in after years he would have it to think about, and communicate to others.

Early in the morning the snow would be so rock-like, that the runners of a sleigh carrying half a cord of wood, would only occasionally leave an impress of their passage. Never under such circumstances would the horses or the sleigh slump.

On the day that the first storm ceased, (Jan. 11th) some of the villagers constructed an immense triangular shaped snow

scraper, of heavy plank, two feet in width, and flared to the width of eight or ten feet. They then placed in front of it, from fifteen to twenty yoke of oxen to draw it, and in front of them, about twenty mounted horses, to tread a pathway for the oxen. This interesting retinue proceeded breaking and scraping the roads in and about the village. A large concourse of men and boys followed the scraper, tossing each other into the new made banks of snow as opportunity offered, which was so frequent that there were white forms perpetually issuing out of the snow; a very interesting as well as a novel exhibition.

The great three and a half days storm came from the North-east, so that the snow laid heavily on the South and West roofs of all buildings; but as the frames of buildings in those days, (except in some instances of carelessly constructed sheds,) were composed of large timbers well braced, disasters from the weight of snow seldom occurred.

As the winter progressed, each succeeding storm of wind would fill the trodden road-paths with new snow, so that finally, all the road paths throughout the country became lifted up even above the level of the surface of the snow. Then horses in teams became so afraid of being crowded off the path, the one by the other, that it was necessary to change the order of driving them from two abreast, to one ahead of the other. Many men instead of riding in cutters rode horseback, for the convenience in meeting teams. The great depth of snow and riding on so high a path, made the houses throughout the country appear very low. Some of the one and a half story houses were almost covered up, by the additional snow about them shoveled from the roofs.

The arrival of this great snow storm found the villagers principally, on a limited allowance of wood. It was the custom of the farmers in those days to chop their wood, and prepare it for market as much as possible in December, and after the "January thaw" to commence drawing it to market. In this winter the great storm followed so immediately the "January thaw," as com-

pletely to shut off the usual flow of wood into the the village. This state of things soon produced a panic among the inhabitants; one man with a numerous family of children, became so exercised, that he planned to have fire only long enough to prepare breakfast and supper, and kept his family in their beds the rest of the time. But this extremity was not of long duration, for it soon reached the philanthropic heart of a Major May on the East Hill, so that he at once devised a way for their relief by announcing to them, that if they would combine as a village, they were welcome to all the wood they could chop and draw from a certain portion of his forest, which he wished to have cleared.

So the villagers united with a hearty good will in the work, and with all the teams they could muster, they started for the woods, each man with a shovel in hand. The woods were back from the highway three quarters of a mile, and the whole of that distance had to be opened with a shovel ! But even with so many men the procuring of the wood proved to be a very slow process. It was no easy matter to wade about the woods from tree to tree; also, as the trees were felled many of them would be buried in the deep snow, and before they could be chopped into sled lengths, the shovels had to be plied quite vigorously. Then again the wind would blow occasionally, and obstruct with snow their great alley-way through the fields, so that it must be reopened from time to time; thus it was with great difficulty. (although they had a forest before them at their pleasure.) that the villagers were enabled to supply themselves with wood sufficient for the winter.

As they first started out in large numbers and with their good cheer, the accomplishment of their object seemed but a small matter; but with the exception of keeping the road open in common, every man was for himself in chopping and drawing his wood. A part of them were not accustomed to that kind of life, and on their return each day, (for they usually made but one trip a day,) long, tired faces were frequently to be seen among them. As a

team could only haul a limited amount of wood through the cumbersome snow, weeks elapsed before wood enough could be obtained. For years afterwards, the stumps of trees cut in that deep snow, presented a novel appearance on account of their great height, which, instead of being two and a half, or three feet as is usual, were six and a half or seven feet high.

As the Spring was approaching great fears were entertained in regard to the manner in which this heavy body of snow would be removed from the earth. It did not begin to disappear until the latter part of April; and then it diminished so in periods, that no serious trouble attended it. But the long lying of the snow upon the ground caused largely the destruction of winter wheat, by what the farmers called smothering; although previously, they did what they could to prevent it, by driving oxen over the fields when the snow was sufficiently thawed, so that they would sink through to the ground, thereby ventilating the wheat.

In an early day the poor of the town, who were not able to support themselves, were cared for by the town distinct from the county. It was customary to find them a home with the lowest bidder, provided he was a reliable and humane man. A man on the West Hill, by the name of Samuel Parker, is said to have been longer engaged in that business than any other citizen. He lived where George Seeley now resides. He prepared a house in the East part of his door-yard for the paupers to summer in, but in the winter would assign a portion of his own house for their use.

While on the subject of paupers I will relate an incident appertaining thereto. About forty-five years ago there was a widow with several small children, and one of them blind, assigned to the County poor-house. The father of the widow, Elijah Carrier, a poor man, tried by the circumstance, rallied and took the family to his own home, declaring that they should share with him his humble fare, and that he would make extra exertions for the support of all. This so affected the neighbors, that helping hands were soon about him, and Dr. Bildad Beach was foremost in

starting donations to aid the willing, working poor man. A score of years rolled by and this Elijah Carrier and wife, well nigh on to four score years, decrepit and poor, appealed to the town for help. According to the law they were fit candidates for spending their remaining days in the Poor House. But after some consultation among the people, it was decided that the town of Marcellus owed to the aged couple a living so long as God should spare their lives, and that not in the Poor House either, but in their own quiet shanty, close by the side of an ever noisy brook as its waters rattled their way down the steep declivity of stones. So the town, true to its purpose, fed and clothed, warmed and nursed them until the end of their lives.

Three brothers George, Adam and John Dunlap emigrated from Ireland to the United States in 1811. George went to Virginia and hired out as a laborer to a cousin, a planter. The situation in which he was placed in the family of his cousin seemed quite strange to him, for he did not, previously, know the views that the slave-holding portion of the South entertained in regard to laborers whether white or colored. They looked upon them as an inferior creation of the human family. Consequently cousin George was assigned his place with the slaves at meal-time. Although this was a surprise to him yet he held his peace, for he felt himself to be in a foreign land, far away from home and friends. Not wishing to be dependent, and receiving suitable wages, he thought best to remain where he was, and fill his situation honorably, until he should have accumulated sufficient money to enable him safely to look elsewhere for a home. When that condition was attained, he had good-bye to his cousin, and came North. The first year he lived with Judge Dill of Camillus. After that he came into this town, and hired out in different places as he could find opportunity. Being a strong robust man, and industrious in his habits, he performed labor with a will and a power that few could equal.

The next we hear of him he has married a Miss. Gillespie,

and has made his residence in Pumpkin Hollow, on forty or fifty acres of land. He goes on adding farm to farm until he becomes the greatest landholder not merely in the Hollow, but almost in the town; his farm containing in one plot five hundred and seventy two acres; and this in the Eden of our town. The strange name Pumpkin Hollow was given to this section in an early day on account of the luxuriant growth of Pumpkins, which, year by year, it produced, wherever planted. As fast as Mr. Dunlap procured new land, he beautified and adorned it by nice husbandry, so that by the time he became sole possessor of that large plot of land amounting to full half of the Hollow, this, together with its overhanging hills of Evergreen forests, gave it the appearance more of a garden or park, than of an ordinary farm.

Mr. Dunlap was permitted to live to a good old age to enjoy the fruits of his faithful toils, and often in his last days, he spoke of his gratitude to God for thus crowning his labors with such success. He was a member of the Presbyterian church during the last twenty years of his life. His last days were his best days and he died at the advanced age of seventy-nine.

Wm. F. Bangs first appeared in this town in 1801. He was a carpenter and joiner by trade, and in his earlier years made that his chief business, although, quite early, he purchased a farm on the East Hill for his home, which he ever after retained as such.

Some years ago the late Hon. Oliver Strong, in conversation with the writer, related with much animation various incidents connected with his early life; and among them, one which I will here repeat—Quite early in life Mr. Strong, after being a clerk in a store in Pittsfield, Mass. removed to Onondaga Hill, where he resided the remainder of his life. When I enjoyed this last conversation with Mr. Strong, I think he was in his eighty-ninth year. He said, I was early made Deputy Sheriff of this county, which afforded me a rare opportunity for making acquaintances in the surrounding towns. But in no town was there so numerous and elevated a society of young people, as in Marcellus. Although

Onondaga was the shire town, yet Marcellus was by far its superior in this respect. I embraced every occasion for forming acquaintances there, and the consequence was that I soon mingled in that society; so that now as I look back to those early days, some of my most delightful experiences were in Marcellus. In the year 1803, two of us received an invitation from Sterling Cossit and Ebenezer Rice, (managers,) to attend a ball Thanksgiving evening at a tavern on the East Hill. In response to the invitation, at the appointed time, we rode over to Marcellus, and there met a large gathering of young people assembled in the ball-room. We had not been together but a brief time, and were engaged socially when to the surprise of all, Judge Bradley was introduced into the room, and in his usual way made very pleasant salutation. In a few minutes four chairs were brought in, and placed in a row, in the middle of one side of the room. Quickly Wm. F. Bangs and Roxana Hall moved from different points in the crowd, and seated themselves in the two middle chairs, while, instantly another gentleman and lady occupied the two remaining chairs. No sooner was this done, than Judge Bradley, calling the house to order, took his position in front of them, and said "you may now rise and present yourselves for marriage." At the close of the usual ceremony the Judge pronounced Wm. F. Bangs and Roxana Hall husband and wife, and then in a very appropriate and dignified speech, exhorted them to the mutual discharge of their duty. Then followed the individual hearty greetings from the excited and astonished audience, and the bride and groom, with tripping steps led off in the dance of the evening,

When music rose with its inspiring swell,
 "And all went merry as a marriage bell."

It is gratifying to know that the tavern which was the theatre of this interesting and thrilling exhibition is yet standing, perfectly erect and as level as when the master-builder first levelled its foundations; a fine relic of the durability of the architecture of that period; and also that in the first dwelling house

on this side of the building, there is still living one of the guests of that evening, (Mrs. Julia Lawrence, to whom we have previously referred.) She was thirteen years old at that time, and was living four and a half miles East of here. She accompanied a Miss. Caroline Butler. Mrs. Lawrence spoke of the occasion as being one attended with great interest. Mr. Strong regarded the whole proceeding as the best devised, and most successfully executed of any of the pleasurable plans of those times.

Mr. and Mrs. Bangs celebrated their sixtieth anniversary day in 1863. Their surviving children, Dwight, Franklin, Mrs Booth and Mrs. Kennedy and their families were present, together with some special friends of the family. Their former pastor, Rev. Mr. Parsons, of the same age as Mr. Bangs - eighty four - made remarks pertinent to the occasion, in which he contrasted their present situation and prospects, with those of sixty years before; represented them as then - life just begun, their work before them; now - their work done, and they waiting the call of the Master. Surely ! for in one year from that time, Mr. Bangs and the speaker, within one month of each other, laid aside their clayey tabernacles and entered into their rest. Mrs. Bangs survived her husband five years and died at the age of eighty-seven.

The following is a list of the physicians who have practiced medicine in town, and are either dead, or removed from their locality of practice. I will mention them in very much the order in which they have occupied their several localities so far as my knowledge of them will permit. It is impossible to give the precise time that any one of them was engaged in practice, and of many of them not even the probable time.

Dr. Elnathan Beach was the first physician in this village. He commenced the practice of medicine here in the winter of 1795 and 96, and died in 1801 at about forty years of age. He was represented as a well educated and skillful physician, and very much beloved. Dr. Elnathan was succeeded by his brother Dr. Bildad Beach, who practiced until about 1820, when he retired, leaving

the field to his partner Dr. Erastus Humphrey. Dr. Bildad enjoyed the rare advantage in those days, of reading medicine under the supervision of the eminent Dr. Rush of Philadelphia. He is said to have been a good physician, and somewhat eminent as a surgeon. A man of wit, he often amused and aroused Hypochondriac patients by story-telling, and giving illustrations bearing closely upon their cases. Dr. Beach was a lover of farming, and made that his business after he abandoned medicine. He was very useful in an early day in laying out new roads, and encouraging, through his scientific knowledge, the proper construction of roads. He was a good medical counsellor up to extreme old age. He died in 1856 at the age of eighty-five.

Dr. Pliny Godard was one of nine sons of Capt. Martin Godard, who removed from Connecticut to this place. Dr. Godard practiced medicine here, a limited period of time, about 1804 or 1805. He married a daughter of Dr. Elnathan Beach, and removed to Jefferson Co. where he soon after died.

How early Dr. Erastus Humphrey commenced his practice here is not known; but we have his signature in the Presbyterian Soc. Book as clerk of the board of trustees under date of 1813. He removed to Auburn about 1823, where he practiced medicine for more than twenty years, and then became a resident of Utica, where he died about eight or ten years ago. Dr. Humphrey was a skillful physician, a great lover of music, and for a long period of years, leader of the choir in the Presbyterian church in this village.

Dr. Richard N. Davis was probably here not far from 1820, and continued until about 1832, when he removed to Syracuse, opened a drug store, and divided his time between the practice of medicine and the care of his store until 1848 or 50, when he went to California, and there he died. He possessed great refinement of manner, and I believe, had received a good classical as well as medical education. Dr. Davis was considered an excellent practitioner of medicine. He was a member of St. John's Episcopal

church of this village.

Dr. Lake I. Tefft came from Washington Co. to Camillus, where he located for practice, but remained only a short time, and then transferred himself to this village. This was about 1823. He soon succeeded Dr. Humphrey by buying his real estate, drug store and office. He continued in active practice until Dec. 24th 1849, when he retired; ever after that to do business only as a counsellor. He removed to Syracuse about 1863, where he still lives in the enjoyment of a quiet and intelligent old age. His medical life was one of success, both medically and financially. Dr. Tefft united with the Presbyterian church of this place about 1856.

Dr. Samuel Gay succeeded Dr. Davis. After continuing a few years he sold out to Dr. Alexander Cowles of Hall's Corners. After an absence of eight or ten years he returned to this village, and practiced medicine until about 1847, when he removed to Syracuse, where he has ever since resided, and continues in practice.

Dr. Joseph Cheeseman opened an office in this village for the practice of medicine in 1843, and left in 1846. He was possessed of rare natural qualifications. Although not "liberally educated" as was the term in those days, yet he had been educated in some of the finest schools of the state. Dr. Cheeseman early felt that it was his duty to be a preacher of the Gospel, but an occasional throat ailment so disabled him, that while here he made the practice of medicine his business; although he supplied the Methodist pulpit when opportunity offered. He was very acceptable as a preacher, and a scientific doctor. After leaving this place, as time passed on, he began so to divide his time between preaching and practicing medicine, as his health would permit, that he finally became a regularly appointed minister of the M. E. Church.

Dr. Alexander Cowles succeeded Dr. Gay in his first period of practice in this village, and continued until death. He was indefatigable in the practice of his profession. That relentless enemy to human life *tubercular consumption*, selected him for a victim,

long before he slew him. With his usual treachery, he would at intervals let in so much sunshine of health, as almost to beguile the Dr. into the belief that all was well. Year after year he rode clinging to life with a tenacity such as is seldom witnessed. He once informed the writer that many were the times; that he rode with blisters on his side, when others would have considered themselves fit subjects for the bed. But, finally, like the myriads who had passed on before him, he found "there was no discharge in that war," and laid himself down to sleep that last sleep, in the year 1854, aged fifty three. Years before his death, he gladly received into his interests in practice, his son Dr. John H. Cowles. After his death, Dr. John continued in the ride of his father until 1871, when, on account of poor health, (having several times suffered with hemorrhage of the lungs,) he abandoned his practice here and removed to Iowa, where he still resides as a farmer.

Dr. Wiggins came here in May, 1848, after practicing in Me Grawville twelve years, and remained until Nov. of the same year, when he removed to Delphi in this county. After a few years there, he went to Cicero, and about 1868 settled in Elbridge where he still resides, practicing his profession.

Dr. Kingsbury located in Clintonville at an early day, and practiced medicine until his death in 1840. He was a man of great energy and perseverance.

Dr. Eastman was long in the practice of medicine at Marietta, cotemporary with Dr. Kingsbury. About 1860 he removed into Virginia on to a farm, where he remained until his death, which occurred near 1870. Dr. Eastman was a man of calm and deliberate judgment.

Dr. Jonathan Kneeland commenced practice at Thorn Hill about 1840, where he continued more than twenty years. He then opened an office in Jordan, but only remained a few months, and removed to South Onondaga, where he still resides and is in active practice. Originally Dr. Kneeland made choice of the ministry for his work in life, and accordingly entered Auburn Theo-

logical Sem. But persistent poor health obliged him to abandon his favorite scheme, and then he turned elsewhere to seek a livelihood, finally settling upon medicine. Happy decision, for in learning the art of curing others, he discovered how to cure himself. His many mournful years as an invalid, proved really to be a course of training also, fitting him for practice, for in after years, that experience became a power in the sick room, as he recited it, a little here, and a little there, to meet the wants of the respective cases.

Dr. Jeremiah Bunfus Whiting located in Borodino in 1802, continuing in the practice until 1819, when he removed to Sempronius, and afterwards to Michigan, where he died. As was said of him, by Dr. Kneeland in the fore part of this paper, "he was a good classical and medical scholar, and was the best skilled in the use of American indigenous remedies, of any of our early physicians."

Dr. Benjamin Trumbull came to Borodino in 1816 and continued in the practice of medicine until 1836, when he died aged fifty-six. He is invariably represented by physicians who knew him as a gentleman, scholar, and skillful physician.

Dr. Beecher settled at Borodino about 1834, remained but a short time, and removed to Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Dr. Killian Van Rensselaer Lansing selected Amber as the field for his practice about 1818, and lived there until 1833, when he sold out to Dr. F. H. Bangs, and returned to Albany, his native place, where he still resides.

Dr. F. H. Bangs made Amber his home in 1833, continuing in practice until 1844 when, failing in health, he sold out to Dr. John Tyler. The Dr. embraced this freedom from practice to refresh himself in the medical line, by attending a course of lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city. Then he purchased a drug-store in New York, in the management of which, connected with the practice of medicine, he continued until 1865, when he became a resident of this village. In 1869 he received an appointment to a clerk-ship in the Comptroller's office, New

York city, which he filled until 1875, when he resigned, preferring to spend the remainder of his days in the place of his nativity, to living in the bustle and din of a city. We think that he has acted wisely, and gladly welcome him to a place among us again.

Dr. James Baker stationed himself at Amber about 1840, but only remained a few months, and then went to Tully where he practiced several years. From Tully he removed to Collamer, and there remained until 1850, when he abandoned the practice of medicine, and located in this village as a dentist. About 1864, he gave up dentistry and commenced preaching. From being a layman in the Presbyterian Church, lecturing in school-houses on bible subjects, he became a Methodist exhorter, then an ordained minister in the M. E. Church, under whose auspices he filled appointments in South Onondaga, and in Madison, each of two or three years. He then accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in Madison, the pulpit of which he filled for a few years; then supplied for sometime the parishes of South Onondaga and Otisco; and at last, for several years supplied the combined pulpits of Onondaga Valley and Onondaga Hill, when he died in 1875 at the age of fifty-two.

Dr. Baker was a man of strong native talent, was a good scholar, thoroughly educated, and never, until he reached the pulpit, did he feel that he had found his proper field of labor. Although well educated for a physician, yet he always rather shrunk from the practice of that profession.

Dr. John Tyler succeeded Dr. Bangs in Amber in 1844, but his residence there proved only long enough, to make him very acceptable as a practitioner to the people, for in the following year he died aged thirty-two. Dr. Tyler was son of Samuel Tyler of Tyler Hollow, consequently his younger years were spent among us. He was passionately fond of music, was himself a fine tenor singer, a leader in music and, sometimes, a teacher in music. Some present will probably never forget the sensation produced at a concert, given at the close of a singing school led by Mr. O'Farrel,

when Dr. Tyler seated in a part of the church remote from the choir, sang the part of pilgrim in that wonderful piece entitled "Voice of Angels."

Dr. Clark following Dr. Tyler, practiced in Amber some twelve or fifteen years, and then removed to Elbridge where, after a few years he died. He was very much beloved.

Dr. French is supposed to have been the first physician in Otisco, and practiced there probably from ten to fifteen years, the precise time not known, and died there. His name is still held in affectionate remembrance by some in extreme old age, who knew him.

Dr. Ashbel Searle was probably in Otisco as early as 1815, and remained an acceptable practitioner until about 1850, when he removed to Onondaga Hollow, where he continues in practice even in his old age.

Dr. Smith was his cotemporary and left Otisco about the same time with Dr. Searle and not long after died. They did business over that country of high hills quite to the satisfaction of the people. Dr. Searle was a lover of music, and used to lead the choir of the church. When he sung he brought into requisition most thoroughly both soul and body.

Dr. Willis Smith, a son of the above, was in partnership with his father, and remained in Otisco after the father left. About 1860 he removed to Sodus, or in that vicinity, changed from practice to the life of a merchant, which he still follows. Poor health constrained him to surrender his professional life.

Dr. Isaac Baker lived several years at Otisco Centre in the practice of medicine. He then removed successively to Tully, Delphi, then to Syracuse, South Onondaga, and back to Syracuse again.

Dr. Hillyard practiced at Marcellus Falls perhaps a year, then went to Otisco for some years, and afterwards went to the war. He has since passed from our knowledge.

Dr. Hall is on record as one of the first physicians in Skaneate-

ales as early as 1796. In 1797 appeared Dr. Munger and Dr. Samuel Porter. The history of Dr. Munger I have not obtained. Dr. Porter practiced there forty years or more and died. He was possessed of wonderful energy and acquired quite a name as a surgeon. Probably no physician at that day had a larger ride than Dr. Porter.

Dr. Hopkins was cotemporary with Dr. Porter, and died about 1835. His death was the result of being thrown from his sulky, in the village of Skaneateles. He is represented as very much beloved both as a man and physician.

Dr. Evelyn Porter, son of Dr. Samuel Porter, commenced the practice of medicine in Skaneateles about 1830 and continued until his death, which occurred about 1874 or 75. He exhibited excellent judgment in the discrimination of disease.

Dr. Michael Benedict was cotemporary with Dr. Evelyn Porter in Skaneateles until the time of the war, when he enlisted as Surgeon, and served at New Orleans and vicinity. At the close of the war he removed to Syracuse where he still resides in full practice. Dr. Mandeville was located in Mottville in 1840, and remained only a few years. A part of his course of study of medicine, he passed in this village, under the supervision of Dr. Gay.

At the close of this long list of physicians, I wish to add another name, Dr. E. Chapman, who did not properly belong to the number, because he was not engaged in practice during that portion of his life, which he spent in Marcellus. Yet having been in active practice in Hampden and New-Haven, Conn. up to the age of fifty-six, (when he became a resident of this place, and continued until his death,) made his situation here one of influence, and that favorably for the scientific practice of medicine. He first resided on the farm afterwards long owned by Capt. Gad Curtis, and then exchanged it with Dea. Samuel Rice for the Tavern, which he kept until his death in 1819.

This closes the list of physicians so far as my knowledge of them extends. If any have been omitted it is through ignorance.

Of the class originally denominated Thomsonians, but now Eclectic, Dr. Belus Cobb was the first in town. He commenced practice about 1847. After continuing ten or twelve years he removed to Phœnix, remained several years, and then returned to this place and resumed practice. About 1868 he removed to New Jersey, where he still resides in practice.

Dr. Tramm practiced here during the time that Dr. Cobb was absent at Phœnix. He then removed to Minnesota, where he still resides in practice.

Dr. Davis located in Amber soon after Dr. Clark went to Elbridge, and remained several years.

Dr. Rupp practiced in Skaneateles from fifteen to twenty years, and then removed to Syracuse, and is still in practice.

Of the class under the name of Homœopathy, Dr. McGonegal held forth about 1851. He did business here for several years and then went to New York.

The following is a list of those who were either born in Marcellus, or whose youthful years were partly spent here, and who read medicine here preparatory for the regular practice, but have gone elsewhere to practice.

Dr. Dan Bradley whose life we have already considered.

Dr. Edward Cox emanated from the South part of the town, read medicine with Dr. Trumbull, then went to Michigan and established himself in practice at Battle Creek, where he still continues in full practice.

Dr. Edwin Healy read medicine with Dr. L. I. Teft, then located in Dryden, where he remained until 1853 or 54, and then he removed to Medina, in the western part of this state, where he remained until his death which occurred but lately.

Dr. Fordyce Rhodes read medicine in Skaneateles. He practiced first in some place in Pennsylvania, afterwards he removed to Seneca Castle, where he still resides. Impaired health obliged him to lay aside the duties of his profession many years ago.

Dr. Ira Bingham read medicine under Dr. Alexander Cowles,

about 1836; afterwards went to Michigan, and settled in Brighton, where he still remains in practice. He has been quite largely known in that part of the state, for his surgical as well as medical abilities.

Dr. E. B. Phillips was a student in the office of Dr. A. Cowles at the same time with Dr. Ira Bingham. He located at Onondaga Hill, and continued there until disease laid hold of him to such a degree, as to oblige him to relinquish his profession. He has since resided in Syracuse, engaged in the leather business. Although giving up practice, the Dr. does not cease to interest himself in every thing valuable pertaining to the profession, and thus he still lives among his medical brethren, a pleasant companion and wise counselor.

Dr. Simeon French was the son of Dr. French, the first physician in Otisco. The father died when he was quite young. He read medicine with Dr. Parks of Lafayette, then established himself in practice first, in South Onondaga, afterwards, in Onondaga Hollow – in each place remaining only a few years. In 1845 he removed to Battle Creek, Mich. where he continues in the practice of his profession. Dr. French married a sister of Dr. Cox. In this connection I am reminded that Dr. Cox informed me, that he taught school on our South Hill during the winter of the deep snow, and refers to that “as one of the happiest seasons of his life.

Dr. Sumner Rhoades read medicine a portion of his time, I believe, under the supervision of Dr. Evelyn Porter, and the remainder under Dr. Spencer of Geneva. While a student he served as Demonstrator of Anatomy for the Geneva Med. College. In about 1842 Dr. Spencer received him as a partner in practice. After a course of years, Dr. Spencer entered as surgeon in the army during the Mexican war, leaving the whole field in the hands of Dr. Rhoades. In a few years Dr. Rhoades abandoned practice, and purchased a nursery in the vicinity of Lyons. Not being successful in that business, he resumed practice in Elmira. Within a few years he has

made his residence in Syracuse, and is devoted to his profession.

Dr. George Coon was a native of Skaneateles; read medicine with Dr. Evelyn Porter the former part of his time, and the latter part with Dr. A. H. Cowles. He settled first in Dryden about 1844, then removed to Weedsport, where he continued over twenty years in very successful practice. He then sold out, and after a year of rest among his friends, removed on to a farm in Wisconsin, where he still resides.

The brothers, Dr. Stephen Smith and Dr. Job Smith, were from Thorn Hill. They have been practicing physicians in New York for the last twenty-five or thirty years. Dr. Stephen fills a professorship in Bellevue Med. College. Dr. Job has become quite eminent as a medical writer.

Dr. Henry Porter was the youngest son of Dr. Samuel Porter. He was a young man of unusual promise in character, and prepossessing in personal appearance. But in the Providence of God he was one of those brighter lights that must early be removed from earth. Dr. Porter had barely completed his course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, and was serving as Senior Walker on the Surgical side of New York City Hospital, when he was suddenly stricken down by Typhoid fever, (at that time prevailing in New York as an epidemic,) and died after a sickness of eight or ten days, in 1846.

Dr. Mortimer Porter, son of Dr. Evelyn Porter, read medicine with his father, and entered upon the practice in New York about 1850. I am unacquainted with his subsequent history.

Dr. Todd was the son of Caleb Todd Jr. I do not know where he read medicine, or his first locality in practice. He commenced practice about 1858; on the breaking out of the war, he enlisted as a surgeon, and after the war was located in the vicinity of New Orleans. He has since died. He is spoken of as a bold and somewhat skillful practitioner.

Dr. William T. Plant read medicine in the office of the writer. He commenced the practice of medicine in some town in

Pennsylvania, and quite early in the war enlisted as naval surgeon. After the war he settled in Syracuse where he is still engaged in practice; he is also professor in one of the departments of the Syracuse Medical School.

Dr. Gilbert practiced at Mottville a few years, and died about 1854.

There are now in actual practice within the bounds of the old, original town of Marcellus, the following regular physicians: in Skaneateles, Drs. Levi Bartlett, George T. Campbell, George W. Earle; at Borodino, Van Dyke Tripp; in Amber, Frank Hall; in Otisco, W. W. Munson; in Marcellus, G. W. Richards and Israel Parsons. Of the Homoeopathic school there are in Marcellus, Dr. Robert Rhoades; in Skaneateles, Dr. Benson. Of the Eclectic class, in Skaneateles, Dr. Merrill.

Among the lawyers who have practiced their profession in this town, probably Daniel Kellogg stands at the head of the list in regard to time. Mr. Kellogg settled in Skaneateles in 1803, and continued in the full and successful practice of his profession until his death in 1836.

Freeborn G. Jewitt appeared as a lawyer some time later than Mr. Kellogg, and survived him about ten years. These men were both eminent in their profession.

Davis B. Noxon was the first lawyer in this village. I have not obtained the date of his settlement. While here he resided in the "Sophia Ball house." Mr. Noxon removed to Syracuse, where he lived until his death a short time since. He also rose to eminence in his profession.

Mr. John Bixby followed Mr. Noxon and soon Daniel Ball appeared, and they formed a partnership. Afterwards Sanford C. Parker opened a law office, and received a Mr. Stansbury as partner; this four fold cord of lawyers continued for many years, giving a life and interest to the practice of law, that few places of this size ever experience. An illustration of the activity of law proceedings in this place, in those earlier days, may be afforded by my relat-

ing an incident. A few years ago, during the trial of a strongly contested case from Marcellus, in the court room in Syracuse, an old citizen of this county, preeminent as a public man, on listening to the evidence *pro.* and *con.* on the case, sitting by the side of the writer asked "where that case came from?" on being informed, he replied, "well that sounds like Marcellus;" and stated that in his earlier years, he had sat on the jury-bench a great many times; and of all the trials to which he had listened, no town produced an amount of litigation equal to Marcellus, nor the tall swearing in the court-room. He said there would often be an army of witnesses on both sides of a case; and those of one side would swear positively against the positive swearing on the other side; and when the cases were referred to the jury, there was required more than a jury of lawyers to unravel and decide upon them. He concluded by saying that a little of the old blood was evidently left there yet.

Mr. Bixby removed to New Hampshire, and is now dead. Mr. Ball died near 1832 at the age of forty-two. Mr. Parker removed to Baldwinsville and there died about 1865. Mr. Stansbury, after several years, also removed to Baldwinsville, and continued in the practice of his profession.

These were followed by Archibald Thompson, who practiced here several years, then removed to Auburn, remaining there a few years, and has since resided in Illinois or Wisconsin.

Edmund Aiken succeeded Mr. Thompson. After practicing here a number of years, he removed to Chicago, where abandoning his profession, he became a very successful banker. He died in Chicago in 1867.

At the same time with Mr. Aiken, there were also Burr Abrams and a Mr. Spooner engaged in the practice of law in this village. Mr. Abrams removed to Jordan. Mr. Spooner went to Utica, and is now in practice in the Southern part of this state.

These were followed successively by G. N. Kennedy, F. A. Lyman and O. J. Brown, who have also in their order removed

to Syracuse, where they now live in the full practice of their profession.

At the present time there are two lawyers in practice, and both in Skaneateles, Benoni Lee and W. G. Ellery.

No lawyer has ever settled in Amber or Otisco, and in Borodino there has been but one, at an early period, and but for a short time.

I omitted to mention in the proper place, Augustus Kellogg, son of Daniel Kellogg, also William Jewitt, son of F. G. Jewitt. These were lawyers in Skaneateles cotemporary with each other.

Also among the physicians, I forgot the name of Dr. Morrell, who settled in Borodino after the death of Dr. Trumbull, and carried on a large practice until about 1866, when he removed to Fulton; there remained a few years; returned to Borodino and after a time went to Elmira, where he now resides.

And Dr. Prindle, who read medicine with Dr. Morrell, located at Case-town about 1850, and after several years went to Michigan where he obtained a large practice.

The Church-Bell ringers occupy quite a place in the history of our village, especially prior to the last twenty-five years. There were no other bells but that of the Presbyterian church. It was the regulator for the whole town. It was rung at eight o'clock in the morning, at noon, and at nine o'clock in the evening, every day except Sundays, when besides being rung for the hours of service, it was also rung at nine o'clock in the evening. It tolled the ages for all the deaths, and for the funerals. Of the large number of bell-ringers, I will merely make mention of some of the most noted of them.

I would here remark that the ringing of that church bell was no light duty. It carried with it great responsibilities. The bell was the helm that steered the ship of town. The bell rung the children to school - rung the whole town to dinner and to bed. The first church-bell was rich in tone, and possessed great penetration of sound; it was not heavy, but contained more than is usual of choice bell metal.

Those who were born here and lived to adult years, and then removed far away, carried with them, always ringing in their ears, the sound of the old, old bell.

Then again it was expected that this bell should never fail in ringing at the proper time, although the heavens should be black with darkness, – the lightning flash and the thunder roar, even at nine o'clock in the evening, when entering the church seemed almost like going into the tombs. The bell-ringer must be faithful in the performance of his duty. So we see by this, that the ringing of the bell was no light preparatory course for a young man in his future life.

The late Dr. Parks of LaFayette, read medicine with Dr. Bildad Beach about sixty years ago, and while thus a student, rung the bell. Dr. Parks became a superior physician, was very much beloved and highly esteemed by the people among whom, for more than fifty years, he lived and practiced the duties of his profession.

Beach Godard, son of Dr. Pliny Godard, was another bell-ringer. He was clerk for Harvey Rhoades, in a store which stood on the ground where now stands the the house of Wm. B. White. Mr. Godard possessed fine personal appearance, and was much beloved. I have been informed that he is now a wealthy old gentleman, residing in California.

Next in order I will mention Amory Wilson, who was the most noted of bell-ringers, as a scientific bell-ringer. He honored the calling, and hung it with Laurels by his peculiar talents as a man. He came into this place in Nov. 1828. He began ringing the bell in 1835, rung it for eleven years; then stopped for a year, and again commenced and rung it one year more.

Mr. Wilson took such special pains to provide himself with correct time, that after he had rung the bell for a little while, no one of that wonderful class of people; of which no community is destitute, – called Complainers, ever questioned the correctness of his time. He says that he never failed but once, to ring the bell

at its proper time; this was when once on looking at his clock, he saw that it wanted but five minutes of twelve, when really it was but five minutes of *eleven*. He went to the church and rang the bell. This was in the midst of Winter, and the whole town was put to confusion. Men were hastening to their dinner before the good wives had made the first preparation, and a gang of men who were engaged in chopping at the remote end of one of the East Hill farms, left their work and walked nearly a mile to obtain their dinner, quite to the embarrassment of the housekeeper, but soon after, to the chagrin of the men. For, at twelve o'clock Mr. Wilson rang the bell again, and that put all right.

One winter the merchants of the village concluded that as Mr. Wilson rang them to bed at night, he might as well ring them up in the morning; so they contributed from their own funds to hire him for this purpose. The bell was to be rung at five o'clock every morning through the winter. In those days the farmers were very much engaged during the winter in drawing wood, grain and pork, and this village furnished quite a market for the same, so that merchants had need to be at their stores in season to accommodate the early rising farmers. The first ringing of that early morning bell, caused a great surprise to the main portion of the community, who had not been informed of the new arrangement, it having been planned one evening, and put into execution the next morning. As a matter of course, it was supposed to be an alarm for fire, and accordingly many looked anxiously about, and one man in the village, who had not long before been burnt out, rushed into the snowy street with a very limited amount of clothing on him, to his great vexation and bodily injury.

Mr. Wilson was a man of system. He kept a record of the deaths, and of the ages of each individual for whom he tolled the bell. He tolled the bell for three hundred and fifty deaths; and one third of these died under ten years of age. The oldest was an old Mrs. Burns, who was one hundred and seven years old. This was the only centenarian for whom he tolled the bell.

When Mr. Wilson came to Marcellus, he belonged to the sect called Friends. Honesty, fair dealing, a friend to all, was his motto; and he has ever been a living and shining example of his motto. He has so thoroughly possessed the confidence of this people that during a period of thirty-seven years he has repeatedly held offices of trust. He has been Sealer of weights and measures thirty-seven years; Clerk of Corporation fifteen years, and whenever nominated was always elected. Mr. Wilson is in his eighty third year, and we hope that he may be spared to us many years yet.

The late Daniel Ball was another bell-ringer. When at the age of sixteen or seventeen he conceived the idea of applying for the situation. His mother being a widow with limited resources, he felt the importance of doing something that would aid her in the support of the family. Previously he had spent his time in comparative idleness, more because there was no one to direct him, and give shape to his life, than that he preferred to be indolent, as his sequel proved. The situation was granted him and he rang the bell for a year or more, discharging his duty with fidelity and ability. Young Ball possessed the power of a ventriloquist to quite a degree and occasionally indulged in the practice of his art, from the belfry, upon the passers by below, very much to his own amusement.

Many a winter evening, boy-like, he would lie down upon a lounge to sleep, with his faithful mother as a watcher, to wake him preparatory to ringing the nine o'clock bell. All this was not without its advantages. The regularity and constancy of this duty begat in him habits of order, and an interest in business which was the germ of future successes in his chosen profession. When he reached years of maturity, he engaged in the mercantile business, but without success. He then studied for the profession of the Law; and afterwards entered upon its practice with great success, so that he obtained a standing above the average of the profession. He commenced practice at Waterville, Oneida Co. afterwards removed to Utica, where he died at the age of forty-six.

Still another bell ringer was Dr. James S. Baker who served as such several years. He was a man of unusual intellectual ability and a close student from his earliest years. Geology, Botany, Chemistry and Astronomy were his favorite branches of study. As we have considered Dr. Baker among the physicians, it is not necessary to extend our remarks here any farther than to say, that he contributed to swell the list of peculiar characters among the bell-ringers.

George Kellogg rung the bell near the year 1830. At that time he was an apprentice to Oliver Hill, for the trade of cabinet making. Later in life he removed on to a farm in Michigan where he still resides.

We come now to our Grave-yard Sextons. They form a class of men whose employment is a very peculiar one, that of burying our dead from our sight. The first one who made this a permanent business was Amos Bogue; he commenced his duties before 1810, exactly when is not known. Mr. Bogue was slender in form, tremulous in his motions, probably in consequence of his excessive use of ardent spirits.

In those days it was customary for the sexton to meet the procession at the gate and lead them to the grave. During the latter part of Mr. Bogue's service here, he was accustomed to carry his black, flat bottle of whiskey in one of the back pockets of his coat, with the top sticking out, and sometimes presented quite a novel appearance, when he required the whole width of the broad alley to lead the procession; but he never fell down. All this was a great trial to Rev. L. Parsons, and he labored often and long with Mr. B. to persuade him to better things. But his good promises could not withstand the temptation. He removed to Michigan, then a new country, and one time when returning to his home from the grog-shop, in the severity of a snow storm, perished on the way by cold. Thus ended poor Mr. Bogue. Somebody buried him, but the place of burial is not known. He served faithfully in the capacity of grave-digger till 1835, a period of over twenty-five years.

After two years, during which John Bonta and Benjamin Haylor dug the graves, Hugh Haylor was appointed to that post, which he has held ever since, a period of thirty-seven years. He has dug every grave in our Cemetery since, with the exception of two or three. He says that he has been paid for all except six of these, which is as strange as it is true. His price at first was \$1.25, soon \$1.50, and afterwards \$3.00.

He has only for the last thirteen years and five months, kept the record of the number of graves he has dug, and they number five hundred and sixty-six. Taking this as a basis, it gives over fifteen hundred graves for his whole period.

Mr. Haylor is seventy-six years of age, and we are all alike deeply interested in him. He is the one who has taken such excellent care of our dead for so long a time. He has skillfully formed their narrow house, and when we, with great sadness of heart, have laid the remains therein, he has so carefully closed the door and then stood sentinal so vigilantly around their dwellings from day to day and year to year, that we love him for his faithfulness in the performance of these services. And now, as his bending, stiffening form moves slowly through the streets of the city of the dead, giving evidence that the hand of time is pressing sorely upon him, and soon will call him to make his abode within one of those narrow houses, may those of us who shall be living, as carefully and tenderly lay him by, and close the door, as he has so long done for our dear dead. Oh! who is there among us who has not felt the worth of his services, for who has not lost a friend by death?

Mr. Haylor can truly say in the words of Park Benjamin:

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast;
I gather them in, for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've moulded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial ground;

Mother and daughter, father and son
 Come to my solitude one by one,—
 But come they stranger, or come they kin,
 I gather them in! I gather them in!”

The first grave that he dug was for Capt. Russell Taylor, the 18th of March, 1839. He has made the grave for only one person who was one hundred years old, and but very few of ninety, — thus showing how small the number that reach old age.

Twenty-eight years ago when the Rev. Levi Parsons delivered a history of this town, before a Lyceum, he remarked that the pioneers in the settlement of this place had almost all passed away. So now, those who were heads of families in this place even in 1848 have almost all passed away. Of the former number, Mr. Bogue and Mr. Haylor “gathered them in;” and of the latter number, Mr. Haylor alone has “gathered them in.”

I have taken pains to prepare a list of the names of the heads of families living in this village in the year 1825, and another similar list of those living here in 1850. I thought it might be profitable as well as interesting for us to thus recall them to mind, for thereby we are better able to appreciate the truth of the Sacred Scriptures, — “one generation passeth away, and another cometh; but the earth abideth forever.” Here we have an opportunity to see two quarters of a century of people in succession, equivalent to two generations, come and go — exist and not exist, and yet these streets, this ever rippling creek, these hills, enclosing this village, abide. And now we have a third list (not necessary for us to show on paper, for the persons themselves are before our eyes day by day,) occupying the places of those “whose places shall know them no more.”

List of 1825.

Mr. & Mrs. James Bixbey.	Mr. & Mrs. Ansel Kellogg.
„ „ Richardson.	„ „ Austin Godard.
„ „ Samuel Rice.	Mrs. Norton.
„ „ Ebenezer Rice.	„ Pells.

Mr. & Mrs. Dan. Bradley.	Mr. & Mrs. Ralsimon Kellogg
, , David Bonta.	, , Curtis Moses.
, , Elisha Chapman.	, , B. N. Parsons.
, , Samuel Wood.	, , Oliver Hill.
, , Lois Rice.	Dr. , Bildad Beach.
, , Beach Lawrence.	Mr. , Henry Chase.
, , Harvey Rhoades.	, , Samuel Ball.
, , Rhoderic Smith.	, , Warren.
, , Goodwin.	, , John Curtis.
Dr. , B. N. Davis.	Mrs. Dr. Pliny Godard.
Mr. , Daniel Ball.	Mr. & Mrs. Cope More.
, , John R. Kellogg.	, , Martin Cossit.
, , Joseph Taylor.	, , Caleb Gasper.
, , Edward Talbot.	, , Western Frost.
, , Theron Godard.	, , Ann Leonard.
, , Jesse Kellogg.	, , Joseph Phillips.
, , S. C. Parker.	, , Joseph Olmstead.

List of 1850.

Mr. & Mrs. Edmund Aiken.	Mr. Norman Todd.
Dr. , Bildad Beach.	Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Rockwell.
Mr. , Alex. Mather.	Dr. , Israel Parsons.
, , Elijah Rowley.	Mr. , Edwin Talbot.
, , Curtis Moses.	, , B. N. Parsons.
, , John Sanford.	, , George Brown.
, , Isaac Bradley.	, , Wm. J. Machan.
, , Myron L. Mills.	, , John Curtis.
, , Susan Chase.	, , Margaret Casey.
, , J. R. Becker.	, , Edward Frost.
, , Newton.	, , Hezekiah Shepard.
, , J. G. B. White.	, , Goodrich.
, , Rhoderic Smith.	, , Dan Moses.
Dr. , Alexander Cowles.	, , Ralsimon Kellogg.
Mr. , John Plant.	, , B. F. Moses.
, , Luther Colton.	, , William Colton.

	Mrs. Sophia Ball.		Mrs. Betsey Taylor.
Mr. &	, Samuel Ball Jr.	Mr. &	, Nathan G. Hoyt.
,	, Sanford Dalliba.	,	, John Carpenter.
,	, Joseph Taylor.	,	, Chester Moses.
,	, Edward Talbot.	,	, Harry Kennedy.
,	, Abbott.	,	, John Tompkins.
,	, Timothy Lee.	,	, John Landon.
,	, Worthy Rozier.	,	, Addison Farnham.
Misses.	Amidon	,	, Arthur Machan.
Mr.	, Samuel Ball Sen.	,	, Thomas Walker.
,	, Thos. Walwork.	,	, Caleb Gasper.
,	, Pettibone.	,	, Amory Wilson.
,	, Medad Lawrence.	,	, Guy Moses.
,	, Edward Wilder.	,	, Caroline Buck.
		,	, Joseph Phillips.

The first list numbers seventy-four. In 1850, twenty five of these were dead, and at the present date (1876) fifty nine are dead, leaving a balance of fifteen, ten of whom are living, and the remaining five are unknown.

The second list numbers one hundred and nine, and at the present time, fifty-five of them are dead.

Usually they have passed away one by one; one from this home and another from that; because these lists contain simply the heads of each family, which are only two, consequently at the most, there could but two die at once or near each other. And this nearness has only occurred in one family so far as we have been able to ascertain, that of Luther Colton and wife, who died within five weeks of each other.*

Of the more numerous portion of our population, - the children - we have taken no data. Yet there have occurred repeated instances among them of proximity in deaths in the same family, as in the families of Wm. J. Machan and Alfred Rockwell 2nd, where in the former, two daughters - young ladies - were sick at the same time, and died within four weeks of each other; and in the

family of the latter, two were dying at the same time, one on the lap of the mother and the other, a daughter of fifteen, in bed. Also some large families of children in different parts of the town have, in either one of these periods mentioned, been nearly wholly or in part removed by death. Among these were Capt, Martin Godard's family in the beginning of this century, when four sons were swept away by one epidemic; and, during the same epidemic, in the Millen family two sons were buried in the same grave, and not long after two more sons died. And later, the family of Alfred Rockwell 2nd., numbering in all nine children, eight of them have been buried in our cemetery.

The Typhus Fever prevailed throughout the town as an epidemic in the spring of 1807, and proved fearfully fatal.

Previous to 1830 an epidemic dysentery prevailed to a disastrous extent in the Shepard settlement.

In 1850 the family of Erastus West was visited by severe dysentery in which the whole family (excepting a daughter who was absent.) were visited, six in all. Three of them died.

Malignant diphtheria visited this town in 1861 and 62. There were some cases in this village, a few on the turn-pike south-west; on the South-Hill several families were visited, and three children died, one of Addison Armstrong's and two in Jason Merrill's family. But its most fearful ravages were in the south-east corner of our present town, and were confined principally to children. In many of these cases, death was the beginning as well as the ending.

In August and September, 1865 a malignant dysentery prevailed in the families of Abraham Brinkerhoff and Joel Crane on the East-Hill. Three of the Crane family and two of the Brinkerhoffs died.

The same disease swept the State-road, from Tyler Hollow east to the vicinity of the Baptist Church. The number of deaths I do not remember, but it was very great. Dr. Hall of Navarino was one of its victims after long practice in its midst. That epidemic

swept, indiscriminately, adults and children.

Since the settlement of this town many diseases have changed their character very decidedly; others have disappeared while new diseases have taken their places. What was called Typhus Fever is now extinct. Acute Pleurisy is but rarely if ever seen. Even Quinsy appears less frequently than formerly, and Pneumonia is seldom found alone, oftener combined with other diseases. Neuralgia is a lawless disease and covers a large surface in its operations. It has become not merely the disease of this town, but of this nation. There is hardly any disease with which it does not unite sooner or later, and aid very decidedly in making the patient uncomfortable. Formerly it had but a name, now it has a true existence.

Since the settlement of this town, the people have changed as well as the diseases. They have changed in their physical powers, and in their modes of life. The variations in diseases may be attributable in part to these changes in the people, and part to the almost entire absence of the forests. Those who first came from the east, and looked about this immense forest-land, to find for themselves new homes, were people of no degenerate race. It required no ordinary amount of stamina, while in their comfortable homes in old New England, even to conceive the project of a removal into this wilderness; and how much more, to really put it into execution.

By prospective acres of corn and wheat, was understood the felling of trees a hundred feet in height, and three or four feet in diameter, and also consuming them by fire before even the ground could be approached for cultivation. What heroism was implied in accomplishing all this; and how strikingly in contrast with those men of the present day, without a foot of land that can be called their own, to every one of whom Uncle Sam offers a farm, with the forests already removed, if they will but go in and occupy, who spurn the offer lest they should be obliged to contend with difficulties. Placed by the side of these New England men, they

seem but children.

And here let us remember that it was not the men alone, but those noble revolutionary women too, that took a decided part in this great movement. Think of Mrs. Cody, of whom we have already spoken, as procuring a home here on her own horse. She was in the mercantile business in the vicinity of Boston, but fearlessly did she, after having purchased her land here in 1796, remove the following year, with her five children, on to the hill south of Clintonville, and there build and fill a store with dry goods and groceries, and pursue the traffic with success.

Why should not diseases be changed when existing under such widely opposite conditions of mind, body, and surroundings? When a strong man of heroic mind is sick, his disease is also well-defined, deep and determined; but when a puny man, with wavering mind is sick, his disease is diffused, wavering and puny. Is it any wonder then, that the physicians of that period used the artillery, the cavalry and the battle-axe when contending with an enemy that showed his face, and his body too, every time, any more than at the present time, they should make use of masked guns, infantry, pop guns and even moral suasion, to meet the rustling of the leaves, a skulking behind the trees, or a feeble worn out enemy?

The lancet, the active cathartics and the emetics, had not merely their day, but their true place. Our father physicians, (I speak as a physician,) were not a pack of fools or illiterate men, any more than the physicians of the present day. Produce sick today, one of those Goliaths who, from early morning until late at evening, from day to day, and month to month, with his axe hewed down those immense forest trees into windrows, preparatory for the flames, yes I say, produce one such sick here to-day, and of what avail would be the milk-and-water practice, or the conservative practice even of these times, to save life?

Our village attained its principal growth in the number of houses, amount of business and population, in its first forty years

of existence. The great exodus to Michigan in 1835 and 36, and the removal of the stages by the completion of the rail-road in 1837, followed by the rapid diminution of travel in private conveyances, produced sadness and gloom and a depression of business, not merely in this village, but also in all the old villages between Skaneateles and Utica - places through which the rail-road did not pass. Co-existing with all this, Syracuse began to take on proportions as a mercantile place, thus diverting trade from these towns. Step by step, business diminished, enterprising men removed to larger places, houses began to show signs of dilapidation, until about 1850, when the desolation proved to be complete.

The old Presbyterian church building had been suffered to become dingy, its once fine fence to be torn down, its beautiful encirclement of trees to be cut down by a class of people, who, at that time imbibed a mania against all ornamental trees, claiming that no trees should stand near a house, unless it was a fruit bearing tree. Then the old tavern on the opposite corner, no longer a public house, standing in bold relief, forlorn and almost forsaken; the Episcopal church building in a similar condition; the formerly fine graveled walks, enclosed by painted railings, permitted to wear out and in the wet season become gutters of mud, and the railings demolished by rude hands; all these were such marks of a deserted or a discouraged village, that even the full grown youths were really ashamed, and, in many instances, ignored the place of their nativity.

As this village waned from 1835 until 1850, so from 1850 to the present time has it waxed, until it has become an object of pride to its inhabitants, and of admiration to strangers. Those who once fled away from it in disgust, hoping never to see it again have, for the last decade of years, been rapidly returning to visit it, and some have selected it again for their home, above all other places in the wide world.

Although there is by no means the amount of trade here as

formerly, yet limited as it is, it is healthy, prompt and active. Every man possesses the Wall St. gait, even though the capital stock invested may be small. The Woolen Factory of Moses & Sayre is a model, for its size, in that department of business, that even Lowell would acknowledge. The firm of Hooper & Beach, in Cabinet ware, gives to this village an air of business that is gratifying.

Lastly in the line of new business, we are glad to notice the Printing Office of Edmund Reed. Although small we must not "despise the day of small things." Benjamin Franklin once began. The first printing office is a marked step in the elevation of a place. Its very business implies intelligence, and it also begets it. It is a great educator.

The business at the Falls has increased in the line of manufacturing of paper. Formerly the Herring Mill was a permanently running and prosperous mill. The brothers John and Absalom Herring lived to over four-score years, and even before their deaths, by their declining years the business of that place seemed to decline. That old paper mill was among the ancient landmarks, and when fire did its work in removing it, the desolation it produced remained through quite a period of years. Although the site is unoccupied, still three large paper-mills have been erected on other sites. Some fifteen years ago the Ryan mill, one of the three, was burned, and a much larger one has taken its place.

In the Fall of 1874, at about noon one day, a fire broke out in the barn adjacent to the flouring mill of B. C. Johnson; the south wind blowing a perfect gale, swept the mill, and three fine buildings just south of the mill; two belonging to Jefferson Herring and one to Edward Steele. Also to the north, the iron and blacksmith shop of Truman Eggleston; the large woolen factory on the former Robert Rhoades site, and then the dwelling house of Mrs. Hiram Eggleston, on the hill a quarter of a mile still farther North.

With a promptness and energy that usually is confined to

large places, did these men rebuild. The flouring mill and the iron shop were put up on a larger and much improved plan. The people rallied and rebuilt the house of Mrs. Eggleston, so that she was able to commence the winter in it.

While writing this history I feel that I have been living among a people of the past, who settled this wilderness and organized this good society. I have had to make their acquaintance through writings they have left to us, through our oldest inhabitants who are their children, and even grandchildren, and through frequent visits to their last dwelling-places in the cemetery, to read what is said of them there. I have found them a noble people, and if time had permitted I would gladly have lingered among them, so that I might tell to you more of their worth, by relating incidents in the lives of such men as Moses, Howe, Camp, Platt, Kennedy, Healy, Dorchester, Hilyer, Hunt, and others whose names are sacred to us, but I must forbear.

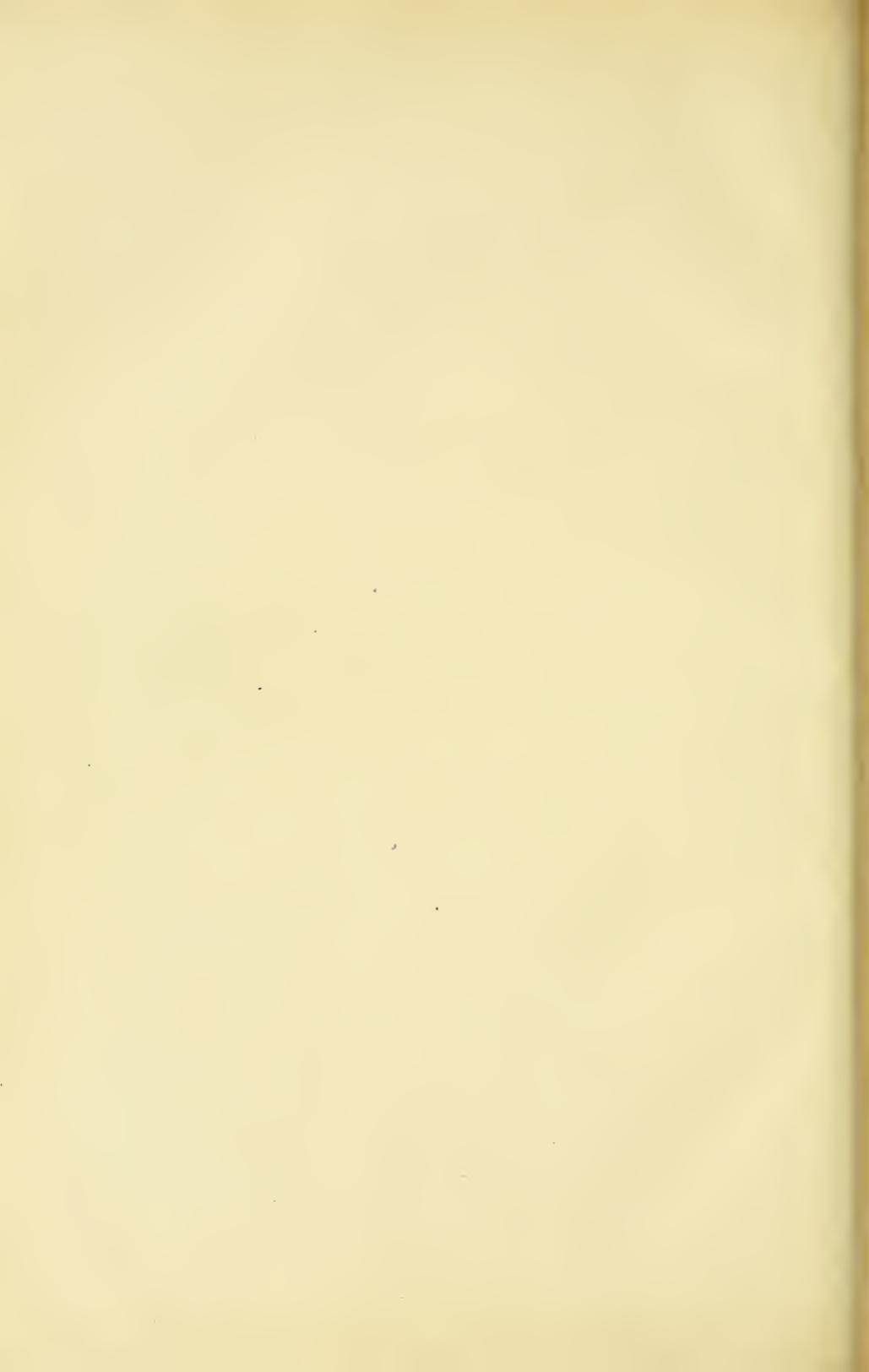
We have now, fellow citizens, been considering the history of our town in brief; we have not had time to dwell at length, on the various topics which our subject has produced, much less to introduce new ones pertaining to this history.

We are interested in the changes which, step by step, have been taking place during the last eighty-two years, to convert our town from a vast wilderness, uninhabited, into fruitful fields and pleasant homes. The wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose, and the solitary places jubilant by the voice of mirth and gladness.

Our forefathers sowed the seed, trusting in God, and we are reaping the harvest. They originated for us a government based upon the Bible – “peace on earth, good will to men” – and they have handed this government sealed in their own blood, and the Bible, sealed with the blood of our Redeemer, down to us, to be kept together; a precious legacy for us to protect, and hand down through our children’s children, to the remotest generations.

Fellow-citizens let us be faithful to the trust committed to our care.









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